VOGUE

This number a

FORECAST
of
AUTUMN FASHIONS

Continental Edition

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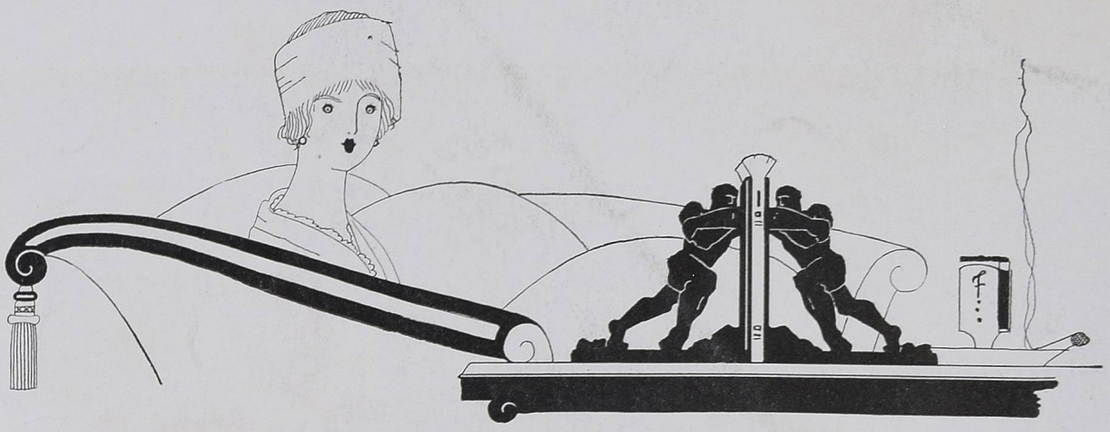

Vogue Suggests

THAT ALL ITS READERS SHOULD SEND THEIR BAEDEKERS TO THE BOYS IN FRANCE

IT has been said that the French have taken the war as a glorious martyrdom, and the British have taken it as a game. It remains for the Americans, who have so often been accused of taking nothing seriously, to consider the war as a personally conducted Pershing Tour to Germany and send out a hurry call for Baedekers on Germany and its environs—in which latter are included at the moment France, Italy, Russia, Greece, and Austria.

The Passing of the German Tourist

It certainly seems too bad to have our boys miss anything now that they have the opportunity to see foreign countries unravaged by that European Pest, the German tourist. In peace times there was no country howsoe'er defended, but one German tourist in green homespun was there, (with a pheasant's feather in the back of his green felt hat), and even Mr. Keating never discovered a powder that could keep them away.

But now that the tide of German travel seems to be turning toward the Rhine, the American soldier will have an opportunity which even Baedeker, who provided for every exigency with typically German thoroughness, failed to anticipate. More than five hundred Baedekers for the use of American officers and soldiers have been given in response to the American Defense Society's appeal, and hundreds of letters have been received announcing that the writers had sent their books directly to relatives or friends in France.

The American Defense Society has sent out a second appeal for thousands more of those guide-books, and announces that Baedekers of an old date will be quite as acceptable as any other, since the maps which they contain will be of great service, even if the text is in need of a great deal of revising.

Baedekers for the Boys

So Vogue urges its readers to go to the shelf in their libraries where that long red row of Baedekers is standing idle, and send one and all of them to the American Defense Society at 44 East 23rd Street, which will forward them to the proper authorities in Washington. Be sure to send as many as possible on Germany so that when The Boys, in 1919 (September, isn't it?) march up the Sieges Allee with all the Allied flags flying, they will know which of those Teutonic Rogers Groups is Friedrich Wilhelm and which is just plain Wilhelm, for as the last four years have demonstrated, the Hohenzollerns like to be taken seriously.

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for

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John Copperfield

ADELA, COUNTESS OF ESSEX

Adela, Countess of Essex, eldest daughter of the late Beach Grant of New York, married the seventh Earl of Essex in 1893 and has two daughters, Lady Iris Mary Athenais de Vere and Lady Rachel Joan de Vere, born in 1895 and 1899 respectively. The present Earl succeeded to the title in 1916. The Countess of Essex has given much of her time to the American Women's War Relief in London

·VOGUE·

No, capes haven't had their day and ceased to be—they will be as smart this winter as when they became so popular last spring. This one is almost two, for its deep collar ends in the new long loose panels—panels that may be wound around the wearer in any number of fascinating ways

This suit is one of the proofs that the new modes are going to be—first of all—practical. It's of "black pepper velours" (which, being interpreted, means a mixture of dark and light tan), a most durable shade and material; its cut considers both comfort and conservation; and its collar is prepared to retire modestly under a separate fur piece, or to serve by itself if the wearer prefers it

NOVEL DETAILS CHARACTERIZE *the* MODELS *of* 1918

Straight and Narrow, or Wide at the Hips and Tapering at the Feet, is the Autumn Silhouette; But While Paris Shortens Her Skirt, New York, Mindful of The New Short-topped Boot Regulation, Lowers Hers to the Ankle

FORECASTING the mode this season seems a comparatively simple task. With the steadily dwindling supply of fabrics it was a foregone conclusion that the silhouette must remain slim or even become slimmer than it was before. Practicality is the foremost thought of every designer of fashions for this winter (the final one of the war, we all believe), as every woman of the allied nations will be a busy woman, and busy women require practical and serviceable clothes.

There is a new and sudden joyousness in the Paris fashions for the coming winter, for, as always, the French modes reflect the spirit of France—and in France there is undoubtedly a new joyousness that comes with hope. After four years of all the horrors that war can bring, she at last sees the beginning of the victorious end. Perhaps America, since the triumphs of Château-Thierry, may take a little of the credit. However that may be, this joyousness is very evident, and it is expressed with characteristic ingenuity in the costuming of the beautiful women, "the inspiration of France."

Fashion authorities favour somewhat conflicting silhouettes. Many of the barrel skirts are caught in below the knees, sometimes buttoned from knee to hem, so as to give the old "hobble" effect. The silhouette is determined also by the length of the skirt and here Paris and New York will this season be at variance; for whereas many of the French houses are showing skirts shorter than they have almost ever been, American women must perforce wear their skirts longer than usual on account of the Government regulation as to the height of the boots. Mme. Renée, of Premet's, is exploiting the "calf-length" skirt, but such models, when they are made for this country, must be five or six inches off the ground, as the length of boots is eight inches and no well-dressed woman will wear a gown that covers her boot by less than two inches. So in this particular, Paris and New York fashions must agree to differ.

The early models are developed in sober colours and depend for their chic upon interesting combinations of materials and novel bits of trimming. Even in peace times the best dressed American women have always preferred quiet colours for street clothes, so the new models of this season will be quite in accord with their taste.

While the colours used are dark, they are not at all uninteresting, and the soft "off shades" are particularly lovely. A brown sugar tan in duvetyn or in velveteen is rich in tone. Black, navy blue, taupe, and deep shades of grey and tan are noticeable in every collection, in such materials as duvetyn, wool velours, velveteen, and, newest of all, broadcloth. These materials—all of which are used with satin, serge, and velvet—make charming combinations that are somewhat reminiscent of the modes of fifteen or twenty years ago. One in particular is especially odd in its colour scheme of dark burgundy gabardine used with navy blue. These materials combine with

DESIGNS BY JULES SAMUELS

This year an afternoon dress, to possess real prestige, needs at least two materials and as much embroidery as is becoming. This one combines navy blue gabardine with a bit of jade coloured duvetyn and is embroidered with fine black silk cord

"Solid embroidery" is fast becoming a term with all the weight conveyed by "solid gold"—and especially when it trails brick coloured vines all over the bodice and side panels of an afternoon gown of black satin and brick tricolette

If an afternoon frock has a waistcoat of a contrasting material, a quantity of embroidery, self fringe, and graceful draping, that frock is quite certain to go through the winter with that conscious superiority that all smart frocks desire

each other surprisingly well, and are truly rich in texture and in tone.

In spite of the preference for dark colours, there is one ray of hope for the woman who loves bright ones. A dressmaker of authority forecasts a season that will begin with dark and sombre colours and end in vivid tones. This forecast, of course, applies to evening gowns rather than to tailored clothes.

All lengths of sleeves are shown, the loose three-quarter sleeve, wide to the wrist, and the long tight sleeve, which, quite naturally, is again favoured for autumn and winter. Tailored clothes are more dignified than they have been for several seasons. That *jeune fille* element seems to be almost entirely left out of this season's fashions, as one realizes by glancing at the three tailored frocks shown on this page. Smart and dignified is each one of these, and much of the new dignity is given by the greater length of the skirt.

The straight silhouette is broken in many ways,—not only by draperies, but by panels and aprons and pleats. Fine knife pleats accomplish this and are very pretty, especially in one model of navy blue gabardine with side insertions of fine knife-pleated black satin. A number of high necks are shown on afternoon frocks and tailored gowns, and there are many new evening gowns with the high neck-line at the back and a low severe line at the front.

Trimming is used on many of the dresses, while on others there is not the slightest suggestion of trimming. Even where it is used, it is so discreetly veiled that one scarcely realizes its presence. It is dark in colour, for the most part; even the metal threads used in the embroidery are dulled. Trimming takes many different forms, but, surprising as it may seem, embroidery takes the lead as it has for several seasons. There are many unusual forms of embroidery; chenille, metal threads, and a fine braid very much resembling boot lacings are used among them, and sometimes these are combined with each other. Self fringe, that fringe of the same colour and material as the gown, is the only type that is considered smart. An exception to this rule is the new fringe trimming of broadtail clipped about an inch in width.

Perhaps the most original invention in the use of trimming is credited to Mme. Renée, of Premet's, who is doing the most brilliant work that Premet has shown since the well-known Mme. La France attracted so much attention in the fashion world in 1912-1913. Worsted and angora embroidery are seen everywhere and on almost everything. Often they are intermixed with beads or jet. Jersey is tremendously popular—silk jersey, wool jersey, and even a beautiful metallic silk jersey, which Rodier makes, with tinsel threads woven through the cloth. This material is combined with angora in a delightful model shown by Martial et

Armand. A very new fabric has steel or gold beads in an all-over pattern arranged in groups of dots or circles. The steel beads, used on black satin, and the gold, on brick coloured etamine, are two assured successes.

Fur, too, is used a great deal. Monkey and grey squirrel seem to be the favourites for gowns and are used in high collars, cuffs, and as borders for panels. The popular waistcoat makes the trimming on most of the tailored suits. These waistcoats are often in fur or in the material of the suit, solidly embroidered. This solid mass of embroidery is very smart, and one of the smartest uses of it is shown in the afternoon gown sketched in the middle of page 28. The gown itself is in black satin trimmed with a tricolette make-believe vest and a sailor collar stitched down to the waist. The embroidery, a simple trailing vine design, is in a deep brick colour, matching the tricolette and giving a very stunning effect. A softly folded sash of the black satin ties in a loose knot at the side back. The high tricolette collar that buttons at one side seems to go with the long tight sleeves running well over the wrist. The skirt is in four long narrow pieces, all in the black satin. The two side pieces are embroidered from the waist to the hem. With the exception of the tricolette sections, the entire bodice is embroidered. This is the type of afternoon frock that will be generally popular. It is simple and sombre, but has undeniable chic. Even with the use of so much embroidery, the effect remains unpretentious.

The "transformation dress" is proving very popular. An example of this type of frock is a navy blue serge coat-dress with a front of light Georgette crêpe and what seems to be an under-

Baron de Meyer

An unusual informal dinner gown of black satin from the Mrs. Ralston Studio is trimmed with folds of black Spanish lace finished with bindings of small jet beads—a charming combination truly, and of the very smartest since black has become so popular. Unbelted, with but slight indentation at the waist, veiled entirely with lace, this gown shows the chemise line at its 1918 best; posed by Dolores

Combinations of material that spell conservation of wool are as smart as ever if one knows how to do them in the fashion of this suit of dark brown velveteen and wool velours to match with its long jacket slashed at the sides to give that effect of swinging panels so much done by wise jackets this winter. The top-coat at the right is in a dark brick red mixture which shows a slim silhouette back and front with collar and cuffs of the new wool fur in taupe

skirt of the same colour. One removes the dark serge frock, and—presto—one is wearing a light blue frock with the same Georgette crêpe front. In this way the Parisienne is dressed for all day, in one frock; with the dark serge chemise frock she is ready for the street, without it, for dinner and dancing.

Another day-time one-piece dress is shown in the sketch at the left on page 28. It is in navy blue gabardine of the finest quality with a panel which actually forms the back. However, like many of the new panels, it is attached to the body and not allowed to swing loose as panels have done for the past two seasons. It is fastened to the shoulders and runs loose to below the waist, while below that it becomes part of the dress. The embroidery on the gown

(*Continued on page 77*)

The Chemise Dress Has Demurely Taken Its Place as a Favourite Among the Models Paris Has Sent Us, and Small Plain Hats Are Much in the Public Eye, This Season

IMPORTED BY KURZMAN

LOUISON

There can be no two points of view about this hat for it has just the same proportions all the way around and the same tight band of old-blue uncurled ostrich feathers encircles the outer edge of its upturned brim. The hat itself is made of sapphire blue velvet and has very simple and youthful lines. A front view of the astrachan trimmed coat is shown on the opposite page

Baron de Meyer

ROYANT

The most popular fashion slogan seems to be, "Cherchez la chemise." Over a foundation of black satin with an upper bodice of flesh coloured satin is worn a straight chemise of old-blue Georgette crêpe embroidered in old-blue silk thread and held in at the waist by a wide sash of black satin ribbon. The chemise, which is trimmed with small blue silk tassels, slips on over the head and is open at the front where it fastens with tiny buttons. The black satin underskirt comes to the ankles, but the chemise stops just below the knees

MARGUERITE ET LÉONIE

That one may be youthful yet, oh, so chic is the firm belief of this small black turban trimmed on top with a loose bow and ends of sand coloured grosgrain ribbon. The short coat of taupe dyed squirrel displays much natural astrakan on cuffs, collar, and loose box fronts, and when the wearer turns her back —as she does on the opposite page — one sees a round narrow yoke carrying a shirred cape of fur to a triumphant conclusion in a band of astrakan at the bottom

GERMAINE

This hat agrees to be all black but insists on the contrast of panne and plain velvets. The foundation is of plain velvet with a brim that turns up higher at one side than at the other, where it is caught with an ornament of jet and dull silver threads. The loosely draped crown with its high irregular silhouette is of the panne velvet. The chemise dress of old-blue Georgette crêpe is trimmed with silk embroidery — that popular trimming in the same shade; dress from Royant

Baron de Meyer

DRESS FROM ROYANT
HAT FROM LÉONTINE

It all began with sand coloured velvet ribbons that agreed to start life shirred together as a sports hat with rolling brim and careless band and bow. Just the heaven-born frock for such a hat was made of salmon pink crêpe de Chine run with embroidery in salmon pink braid and daring a wide band of blue satin around its hem. The frock buttons in front, ties in front with a loose sash belt, and makes up for its apparent collarlessness by a sailor collar at the back

PROPHECIES FROM PARIS

For New York Skirts Will Be Longer Than for Paris, but All Will Be Narrow, Many Straight, and Some Will Follow the New Barrel or Hobble Lines

MODELS FROM GIDDING

PAQUIN

That the silhouette will be long and slim, but that there will be much discreet swaying of straight tunics and flying panels is corroborated by a lovely Paris rumour in the shape of an evening gown in terra cotta crêpe de Chine trimmed with bands of silver brocaded in terra cotta. The skirt of this débutante's frock hangs in loose panels that turn in at the bottom and show brocaded bands set between panel and panel. The back of the bodice, as one sees, is of brocade, while the front—if the slender wearer will just close her feather fan—is crêpe de Chine

AGNES

The charms of the perilous forties take cover in black satin brocade, black lace, and black net. The brocade is used in the drapery of the skirt over a lace petticoat that reaches to the ankles. A jacket-like bodice of the net fastens in front with jet ornaments and is outlined with jet beads. The whole gown is as slender and as dignified as French fingers can make it

JENNY

Slightly peg-top as to skirt, hobble at the bottom, and very new of line is this evening gown of black velvet with its high collar of black silk net and its bands of jet running into a medallion at the bottom of the skirt

CALLOT

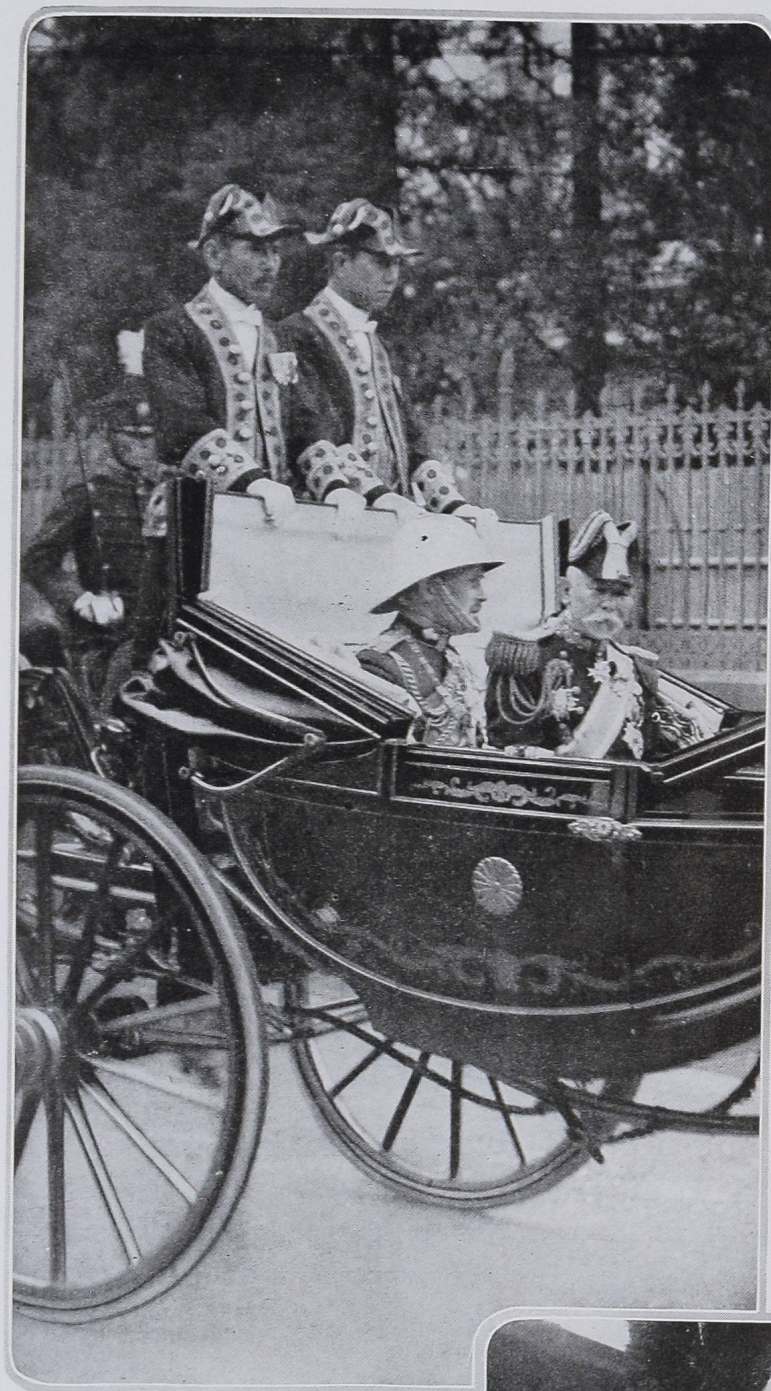
Cherry red velvet and black satin held together by black chenille embroidery strategically placed, take on those chemise lines so popular with Callot and have the additional merit of being slightly barrel as to skirt construction. Loose three-quarter length sleeves add to the comfort of this very pleasant compromise between an evening gown and a gown to be worn at tea time

CALLOT

Callot has always liked panels, but this year it occurred to her that she might like them still better in a new place, so she made a restaurant frock of navy blue panne velvet, delicately embroidered in corn yellow silk, with a loose panel swinging at either side, from the shoulders almost to the bottom of the skirt. These flying side panels are a feature of the new modes for the coming winter

WORTH

One of the advantages that come with years is that one may have a Worth gown of black velvet trimmed with black tulle and draped on one side with an over-drapery faced in metal tissue. At the front of the bodice there is an ornament done in small rhinestones and embroidered in silver threads. A deep loop of the tulle at the back forms a cape. The skirt is uneven at the hem in a very new fashion



Mangoku

This interesting photograph shows Prince Arthur of Connaught, the uncle of the King of England, driving to the Emperor's palace in Toyko with Admiral of the Fleet Ijuin. On his former visits to Japan Prince Arthur had made himself very popular with the Japanese people, and large crowds assembled at the Tokyo station and along the route to the palace, waving flags and shouting "Banzai"

© Central News Service

Her Majesty, Queen Victoria of Spain, is Colonel of the famous Victoria Eugenia Regiment of Spanish Light Cavalry. The Queen of Spain, who was Princess Ena of Battenberg, is shown in this photograph wearing the uniform of her regiment

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, ON THE MOST RECENT OF HIS MANY VISITS TO JAPAN, FINDS HIS USUAL ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME

Mangoku

On the pier at Yokohama a delegation of little British subjects were waiting to welcome Prince Arthur. Miss Ariyoshi, the daughter of the Governor of Kanagawa, the prefecture in which Yokohama is situated, presented a bouquet to His Royal Highness

PARIS CONSIDERS ITS FIFTH WAR WINTER

The Latest French Creations Are About Equally Divided between the Barrel Silhouette and the Straight Narrow Line, but All Skirts in Paris Are Tight, and Many of Them Are the True Hobble

NEVER has it been so difficult to put one's mind on fashions as now when the air raids are such a constant menace and we are all as frantic with impatience as a thoroughbred horse who is tied to a post. And yet, amid all the dangers, all our dressmaking houses are having their openings. They have created, under incredible conditions, models so appropriate and in such good taste that they are a monument to the great Parisian artists who, without the collaboration of their usual clients and with a thousand cares on their shoulders, have kept at their work even when the smell of gunpowder was in the air. Such courage is magnificent, and I believe that our Allies and all the neutral countries will appreciate and admire it.

Judging by the earliest models, the winter silhouette will be narrower than ever. The waist-line will be high in front and rather low in back, and redingote tails or separate panels will be much used. Collars, when they are worn, will be very high, especially on dresses, but those blouses which have open necks will be very decolleté. These are the characteristics of the new style as far as cut goes. Of course, there will be an infinite variety of new details.

For the Princesse de Broglie, who is still at Biarritz, Mlle. Madeleine of Paquin's, has made an exquisite dress of white silk voile with entre-deux embroidery in a rectangular pattern. The coat worn with this dress was of black satin with a huge collar and cuffs trimmed with monkey fur put on in the middle of the collar instead of on the edge. The hat is of white felt with a knot of black felt. This costume is sketched at the upper left on page 36.

At Deauville two dresses by Marthe Gauthier were especially noticeable. One was a dinner gown of three layers of black and white voile, draped in Greek fashion, with a jet cord which weighted the black drapery. This is sketched in the upper middle on page 37. The other dress was also of white voile and is sketched in the lower middle on the same page. The corsage, which was very low, had a large square collar edged with Delft blue beads. The simple belt was knotted in front and was also edged with blue beads.

At La Baule, where society has made a long stay this season, there is a good deal of dressing for tea and for mass on Sunday. The attractive costume sketched at the lower left on page 40 was worn by Mlle. Jourdan. It is a very smart

Madame Charles Max in a black satin cape lined with white satin and trimmed with a big monkey fur collar has the fine sure lines of a Helleu dry-point

Nothing could be more smart and unusual than the draped black jersey frock which Madame Charles Max wore with a small jet hat and an enormous tulle veil

The Princesse de Broglie (née Singer) wears a high-waisted blue serge dress with tulle pleating trimmed. She has the same costume also in white satin

PAQUIN

This white silk voile dress with embroidery entredeux was designed for the Princesse de Broglie at Biarritz. The coat is of black satin trimmed with monkey fur put on in the middle of the collar instead of at the edge

CHÉRUIT

That skirts won't all choose to be straight is proved by this black silk frock. Heavy black silk thread embroiders the round neck and forms centres for black silk flowers with corded petals that bloom around one's waist

DOUCET

Mlle. Dorziat sponsors a side-pleated blue serge tunic, self-trimmed around pockets and cuffs with tiny folds of serge inserted between serge picoted bands. The frock may be buttoned across the Oriental embroidery in front

model and has a suggestion of the styles of the Revolution. White serge is the material and at the neck and the opening of the corsage coral coloured jersey is used. The coral colour is seen also at the edges of the pockets and in a glimpse of the underskirt below the hem of the dress.

SKIRTS WILL BE VARIED IN WIDTH

Worth, who is famous for the aristocratic distinction of his lines, does not use the very narrow skirt. He even makes his skirts rather full, and he uses very high collars which hide the lower part of the face. Two examples are shown on page 37. Chéruit will make full skirts and will use drapery a great deal. Her dresses are almost like veils in which she envelops each silhouette according to its needs and always with a mysterious charm. These frocks are all rather full, and, as a rule, they have a draped collar and a fairly tight belt. To tell the truth, there are no particular fashion upheavals as yet. Styles seem to be waiting, and while they wait new embroideries and new uses for lace are daily appearing to make our dresses more marvellous than ever.

The unceasing air raids have caused many Parisiennes to leave the city, while others have preferred to remain in town. Those who are still in Paris have their tea at home, for restaurant tea has become a very sketchy affair, even at the Ritz. A few days ago I saw some women who were having tea in the garden take some little biscuits out of their bags. One of them had a box of *galettes* of happy memory and offered them to her two friends, to the envy of those around them. At this table were the Countess Tyszkiewicz, Madame Vigier, and Madame Fould. Less well provided were the Comtesse de Pange, the Marquise de Chabannes, and the Comtesse de Terrier, who were eating strawberry ices—without biscuits—at the next table. The Duchesse d'Uzès, in a very correct black tailored suit with a white waistcoat, was having tea that same afternoon. The severe tailored suit has a certain vogue, but it is likely, as the season progresses, that more and more separate coats and dresses will be worn. Mlle. Madeleine at Paquin's is a convincing advocate of the sheath dress and cape. This is a pretty idea and one which I should like to see encouraged, as it is a purely feminine combination which looks better in town than the separate coat and skirt, which are a little overdone at present. Of course, a suit is practical for traveling. One may easily carry enough blouses to keep looking fresh and to have a change for dinner. But for the afternoon I like a little more elegance, although, of course, there is no need of going to extremes. Madame Charles Max, whose taste is law, wears on her straight dresses collars of serge, satin, or cloth. One of her dresses in black jersey, made by Callot, is perfectly straight except for the soft high draped belt which is finished behind by a tassel. This gown is shown on page 35. With this Madame Max wears a hat which deserves notice at this time when hats change so little. It is a toque of brilliant jet beads, or rather jet bugles in the style of forty years ago. These beads were used on dresses last winter, and this summer our light batiste dresses have been trimmed with them. The toque was lined with white and worn well down over the eyes, but the charm and novelty of the whole thing was the long veil of plain tulle which is arranged like the curtains of a bed, open in front, and put back to show the face. This is an idea which Madame Charles Max originated and which many women will want to copy. It is very becoming and has that air of mystery which is always an asset to a woman's costume.

CHÉRUIT

A blue and gold brocade wrap shows a bouffant effect, more cape-like than coat-like, with narrow sleeves set in unexpectedly at its delighted elbows

The elegance of Mlle. Gabrielle Dorziat is always noticeable, even in these times, and she is always dressed in faultless taste. I met her several days ago, looking very charming in a Doucet frock of blue serge of which the short skirt was pleated at the sides only. The serge blouse was of Egyptian design and was also pleated at the sides and worn very open to show a piece of beautiful Oriental embroidery. Flat bias bands of serge, very narrow, were stitched in a round trellis pattern on hems which joined a series of little bells which imitated fastenings, and the same arrangement of bias strips was used on the round pockets at each side of the front and on the cuffs of the long sleeves. This frock is sketched at the upper right on page 36. It is a particularly wearable model of a type which will be seen much this season. Mlle. Dorziat, with her supple and graceful figure, is

WORTH

The full skirt and the high collar on this dark green velvet gown trimmed with fur and gold embroidery are characteristic of the new creations of this couturier

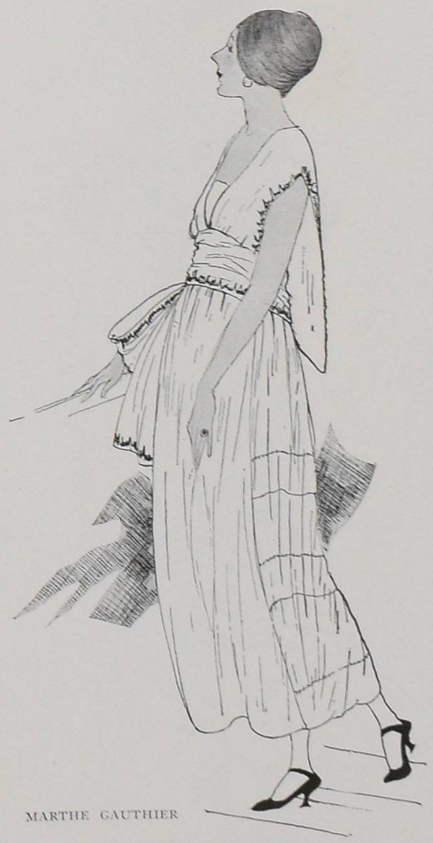
one of the Parisiennes whom we most like to copy in the matter of dress.

Various beautiful costumes are seen at Biarritz. There are not so very many of them, to be sure, but the well-known names of some of the wearers show that women still like to dress well, whether it be for golf, for five o'clock tea, or for dinner. The Misses Edwards, who are always clients of our famous dressmakers, continue to go to the Biarritz branches of Chanel, Lanvin, and Callot. One of their dresses is sketched at the middle on page 39.

One rainy afternoon, in one of the towns on the Basque coast where many people take tea together daily, a very young married woman wore a new sort of raincoat which is shown at the lower right on page 40 and which is a solution of the difficult problem of combining the elegant and the practical. It is of black waterproof material with a high collar which is very open in front. A tricorne of the same material

MARTHE GAUTHIER

Two layers of white voile and one of black, a long jet cord, and a reminiscence of Greece, combine to make this dinner gown



MARTHE GAUTHIER

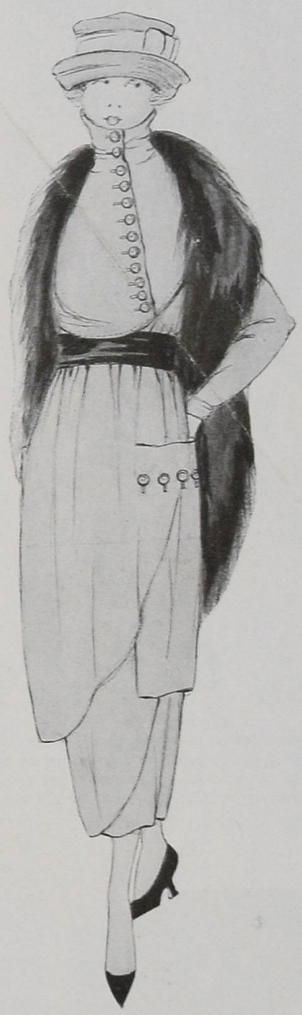
White voile is again to the fore in this long-collared frock with its edging of Delft blue beads. The simple sash, knotted at one side, is likewise given its share of beads

without a scrap of trimming should be worn with this very smart and useful coat.

Women can not have a different costume for every hour in the day, but they try to vary the details amusingly. Scarfs and silk waistcoats are two accessories which can easily be changed. A particularly new scarf is shown, with a cap to match, at the upper left on page 39. Still another scarf is sketched with a suit on page 38.

PARIS HONOURS AMERICA

President Wilson Avenue, formerly the Avenue Trocadéro, is one of the most beautiful streets in Paris, lined with trees and leading to the Bois by way of the Musée Galliera, the Hotel of Prince Roland Bonaparte, and the Trocadéro, where, in peace times, the finest art exhibitions are held every spring. On this street



WORTH

Originality of line appears in this untrimmed grey serge dress with its black satin sash, its slantwise row of buttons and its chin-embracing collar

is the house of an American of great talent, Mrs. Romaine Brooks. Her home is really a unique affair with original colour schemes and beautiful lacquer furniture, and her roof garden, which she uses also as a studio, is one of the first which we have seen in Paris. It overlooks the Place d'Iéna, where, recently, wreaths were arranged around the statue of Washington in a garden of flowers and shrubs.

On one occasion, when Paris celebrated the coming of the Americans, Mr. Lloyd George was among the distinguished guests at a review of troops which included American and French soldiers, American wounded soldiers, and French *cuirassiers*. In the afternoon the American embassy was crowded at tea time, when Mr. and Mrs. Sharp received, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wood Bliss, and the Embassy staff. Mrs. Bliss wore a dress of navy blue charmeuse, made in a very new way with a tunic cut in points on the hips, and a big blue hat.

Biarritz witnessed this brown wool coat walking around with the skirt of its choice in tan jersey striped in brown. The scarf that behaves like a waistcoat with two skirt panels is of brown silk jersey

MAISON DE BLANC DE PARIS

Buttons on one's skirt where buttons seldom were before is one of the best ways of dating a frock 1918, says this wisp of black silk tricot with its long over-jacket

MAISON DE BLANC DE PARIS

Paris has invented so many new furs and semi-furs that one is hard put to it to remember them all. This collar and turban are of very rough rose jersey resembling fur on a suit of Rodier material in tan

de Givenchy

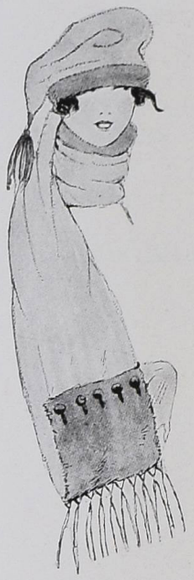
This besashed and pleated bit of scenery was part of the attraction at the beach of La Baule

MAISON DE BLANC DE PARIS

That the kimono sleeve, the monk's collar, and dark blue silk jersey may be successfully done together is proved by a frock embroidered in black silk

Mme. Elyane wore a charming cape and novel collar with her usual success one day at La Baule

de Givenchy



A set of blue and beige "laine grattée" keeps conservation in mind and forms a little muff arrangement at one end of its scarf

It is a great satisfaction to the American women who love France and who live there to see the enthusiasm with which their Army is received and the way in which their soldiers and officers are fêted as individuals.

A NEW UNDERSTANDING

They have always felt that their nation was misunderstood; if it was, it is so no longer, for a great sympathy between the French and the Americans has resulted from their alliance.

Whether by coincidence or intention, our *gendarmes* now wear helmets like those of the American police. They remind those of us who have been in America of the big New York policemen, those refuges for the timid who don't dare to risk their lives in the traffic of Broadway or who become confused in the intersections of streets near the park.

There have been a great many rumours that people are leaving Paris, but in reality most Parisians have remained in the city, even if they do not go out much. People make frequent visits to their country houses or their châteaux, if these are not in the invaded districts. Many fashionable women, Americans, English, and French, work at some hospital in the Oise or Seine or Marne districts and come back to Paris every week to get whatever they need and to feel the atmosphere of their own homes. Few women can remain long away from their own walls and the things which are a part of them. Many Parisiennes have been forced to live in hotels since the war, and they take with them some of their furniture,—a bed, at least, and sometimes a little writing-table or a *chaise longue*, not to mention all the thousand little bibelots to which they are devoted.

It is true that some weeks ago a great many people did leave Paris, but most of them have come back, because the fact that every one went to two or three places made things unendurably crowded. There was not enough food, lodgings were impossibly high in price, and nothing seemed as attractive as Paris. I can not understand why people should all choose the same two or three places to stop in, when France is a charming garden and every corner of it has its own charm. (*Continued on page 83*)

The Casino at Biarritz has its usual number of beautifully dressed visitors. This soft black satin gown, trimmed with jet beads in a design of squares and showing a "V" of pink satin on the bodice, was worn by Mlle. Edwards

A taupe charmeuse frock with a finely pleated bodice and original ideas concerning the size of pockets uses little blue buttons and a little black gilet in a very French manner and with very excellent and becoming effect

A gay spot on the snows of St. Moritz would be made by this festive young person in a red and white wool tricot sports costume with black tassels and pipings and a general holiday air

Not content with having a distinguished grey serge frock, this lady looks out on the world from between a toque of blue poppies and a tulle veil becomingly arranged "a l'odalisque"

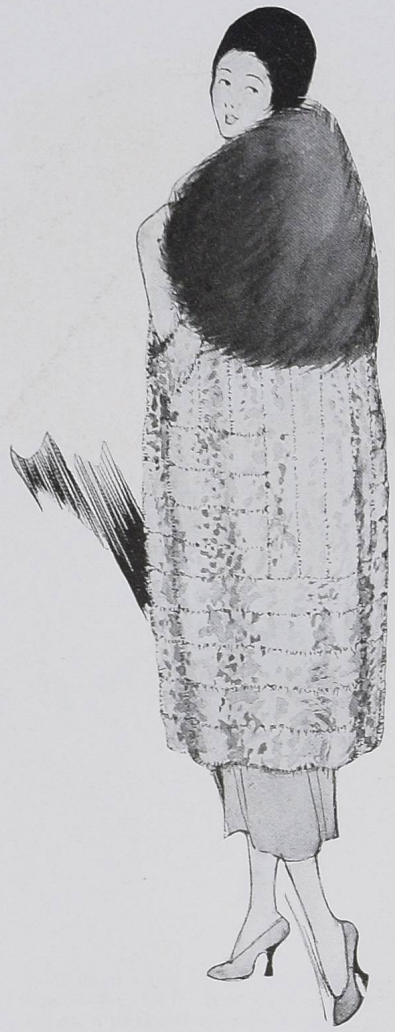
LANVIN

Mlle. Clara Tambour wears a white toile de soie hat with a gay worsted bouquet at the side, and a navy blue toile de soie dress trimmed with bright blue puffings and embroidered in white, green, and cherry coloured flowers

Séeberger Frères

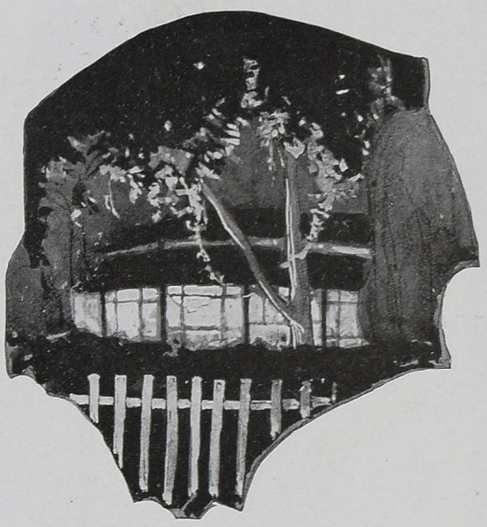
DISGUISED FURS, PEG-TOP SKIRTS, RAIN-COATS THAT ONE REALLY LONGS TO WEAR ARE NEW ARRIVALS

One has perhaps heard of the lion and the lamb lying down together, but the wild cat and the fox get up and work together on this cape, the body of which is of tigrette sewed in bands topped by a colossal collar of the fox



Society has made a long stay at La Baule where Mlle. Jourdan wore this charming dress of white serge combined with coral coloured jersey at neck, pocket edges, and skirt hem. French childhood becomes a quaint period when one appears in a costume of knitted yellow wool with horizontal stripes and Hiawatha fringe of silk

One would hope for rain as a legitimate excuse for this rain-coat of black waterproof material with its chic high collar. The trimmings are of the same material in white. Black and coral satin is very good when one's skirts are above one's brown knees and one rejoices in a butterfly of black and red tethered to the middle of one's skirt



Hill Top Inn, aglow with flower-hung lanterns, beckons the cottagers to dance on Wednesday and Thursday nights

NEWPORT IS STILL THE SUMMER CAPITAL

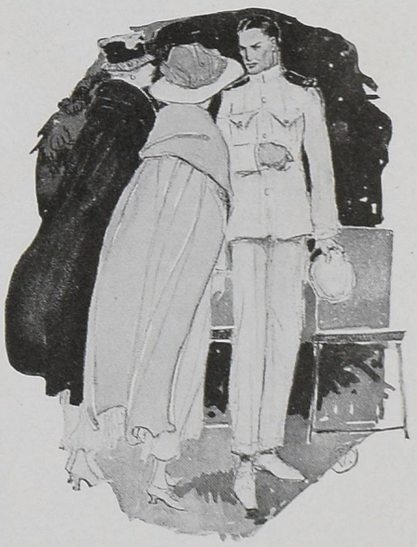
The Colony Has Been Quiet Socially Save for a Bright Event or Two, but the Beaches and the Drives and the Grey Old Town Are as Lovely As Ever, and the Red Cross Flourishes Mightily

Mrs. William Woodward wears a frock of prune coloured satin, navy blue tulle, and sand coloured shoes and stockings

THE people who are summering at Newport this season are the people who summer there every year and, as a rule, whose parents summered there before them and whose grandparents were there before that. All that Newport ever had to offer in the way of quaint old-fashioned charm, of cool opalescent beaches and fragrant sunlit gardens, Newport still affords, but there is little of social life to tempt the lover of gaiety. The quietest of the little summer colonies that dot the shore of Long Island and Connecticut is scarcely quieter than Newport. The days slip by in a flood of sunshine, with no picturesque fêtes under the low spreading horse-chestnuts and beeches of the lawns to give them the impetus of other years. The nights close down, cool and quiet, with hardly the whirr of a motor or the grumble of a horn to break the silence. Now and then one of the big houses on the cliff is illuminated for a brief time and motors whizz in and out of the curved roadway, but as a rule the summer moon looks down upon a Bellevue Avenue that is deserted except for the occasional white figure of a sailor lad. For the hostesses of Newport are not entertaining this season.

NEWPORT ACTIVITIES

The morning shopping on Bellevue Avenue is of a desultory sort. The smartly gowned women who drive their little runabouts up to the doors of the low frame buildings—and, by the way, the big limousines of other seasons are banished, as there are no chauffeurs to drive them — seek really useful things, such as veils for protection against the sun, gloves, and broad-brimmed hats. Now and then a curious piece of silver or a colourful bit of old embroidery attracts the shopper as a lure to charm the shekels from the pockets of the public at one of the numberless bazaars and benefits which are forever being planned. By far the busiest spot on Bellevue Avenue is the Newport Chapter of the American Red Cross which this season has taken quarters further down the avenue. Mrs. French Vanderbilt is very active in the organization and the mistresses of nearly all the big villas on the cliff have been enrolled.



Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt wore silver cloth under a long dark cape, and Miss Grace Vanderbilt's cape was topped by a fawn colour hat

In the very quietness of the life there is much of charm. Bound together by a big common interest, the members of the summer colony have settled down to a simple intimate routine, and the charm which is innate in Newport itself is paramount. Every breeze that stirs the leaves of the luxuriant old trees upon the lawns, that filters through the perfectly groomed hedges lining the roads, lifting the perfume of honeysuckle and petunias from the gardens, is reminiscent of the past. More wistfully and hauntingly old than ever seems the town itself with the time-greyed buildings of its public square, its narrow unevenly paved streets disclosing at every turn knockered doorways and latticed porches gracefully reminding one of an age that is past, its queer little old-time shops given over mostly to the selling of postcards and jackknives and sailor's round white caps, and its dingy, fishy, deliciously salty wharves which knew the tread of the heavy sea boots of West Indian traders in the days when square-sailed brigs laden with sugar and cocoanuts swept into the broad blue harbour. The wharves have since grown into a fascinatingly weather-beaten reminiscent old age.

Through this old village passes the life of the summer visitors who

A simple type of dinner gown is this of black chiffon trimmed with steel embroidery. With it is worn a black satin coat with a soft becoming ermine collar

Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt affects a graceful cape of Venetian red velours

The gate into the grounds of the Stuart Duncan home on the ocean drive is the excuse for a wonderful bit of Tudor architecture

Mrs. Roche wears a Sir Joshua hat of cream coloured straw with a small pink plume

come fresh from the brownstone sophistication of New York. Trim shining motors jostle each other in the narrow streets and temper the voices of their sirens so as not to harass the sleek well-groomed horses of the resident Newporters, owners of delightfully rambling dwellings set deep in the leafy fastness of Catherine Street and Rhode Island Avenue, who scorn the modern motors in favour of stately old victorias driven with much éclat by ancient tall-hatted coachmen who, unlike the dapper chauffeurs of their New York neighbours, remain exempt from all the services of war. From this old town rise the bells of Newport, softly modulated chimes which every hour, day and night, call and answer each other across the tree tops and seem to pause in shocked surprise when the less gentle voice of some smart new torpedo boat or sharp-nosed chaser in the harbour joins in their ancient litany.

To old Trinity Church in Spring Street, with its tall spire, still tipped by the crown placed there before the American Revolution, come many members of the summer colony on Sunday mornings to occupy the queer box-stall pews and to read their hymn-books by the light that streams in through the quaintly paned windows between whimsically worded old tablets until the sermon is preached from an ancient three-decked pulpit before an altar of which the cloth has not been changed for a hundred years.

It is this old Newport of which one is most conscious this season when so much that is modern has been subdued by war. Simple, pleasant, and, in its way, almost seriously purposeful is the life which is led by the occupants of the big houses on the cliffs and on Bellevue Avenue. With the exception of more or less intimate dinners, the only social events of importance which have taken place in Newport this season were the reception given at "Beaulieu" by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, wife of Brigadier-General Vanderbilt, to introduce her daughter, Miss Grace Vanderbilt, and the dance which followed, given by her aunt, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, at Ochre Court. Everything else in the way of entertainment has been done either for the sailors or for some relief organization, and some of the most successful entertainments were those in which extremely little folks took part. Very creditable indeed was the playlet, "The Stolen Princess," given for the benefit

© Western Newspaper Union

Miss Marion Tiffany is a popular member of the cottage colony this summer. She is wearing a simple tucked frock

Mrs. Howard Cushing wore this soft white frock of Paris muslin with a caped coat of black velours and a flat black hat

©Western Newspaper Union

Miss Julia Berwind and her friend favour the usual soft tub dresses. Miss Berwind is shown at the right with a parasol

Mrs. Herbert Harriman wore a beige frock with a dark fringed cape at the Red Cross Tea Room in the grounds of the Westchester Polo Club

of the Red Cross on the lawn of Mrs. J. Francis A. Clark's summer home. Among other youthful actors were little Violet Tangeman, the daughter of Mrs. Cornelius Tangeman, Cynthia Pratt, daughter of Lieutenant Alexander D. B. Pratt, and Lily and Alexander Cushing, the charming curly haired children of Mrs. Howard Cushing. Extremely frivolous in that it was a birthday party pure and simple, was the affair given by Mrs. Alexander D. B. Pratt for Master Dallas Pratt. To this came the children in Alice in Wonderland costumes, and there were games on the lawn, a Punch and Judy exhibition, and wholly fascinating performing dogs.

The routine of the day at Newport never varies greatly. Unless it happens to be one's Red Cross day, a visit to the Casino as either a spectator or participant in a game of tennis is the first activity of the morning. This season there are so few young men available that the games have lost their zest considerably, and it is not until the bathing hour at noon that any real animation is evinced. Evening events being nil, the bathing hour is really the crest of the day, and shortly after twelve, smart cars, many of them driven by women, begin to park just outside the lawn of Bailey's.

A youthful enthusiast distributed cigarettes to the apprentice seamen who had just taken part in a drill for the benefit of the Red Cross at Newport

SOME CHARMING COSTUMES

All fashionable Newport this season looks upon sea and lawn from under a broad flat hat. It is astonishing to see how much individuality these hats, which are all much of one contour, may take on. Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt wears hers slightly drooping at the sides. Mrs. Alexander D. B. Pratt sets her hat flat upon her head so that the line comes straight across the front. Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs has a penchant for stiff broad-brimmed sailors which she sets slightly atilt upon her coiffure. Mrs. Roche affects a more picturesque type of headgear and has been sketched in a hat which vaguely suggests one of Sir Joshua Reynold's portraits. It is of cream coloured straw with three softly toned small pink plumes set against the crown a little to one side at the front, and over it she had thrown a mauve chiffon veil which with her white hair and fair skin and her softly toned pink frock, made an exquisite colour scheme.

No feature of Newport life is more characteristic than Bailey's Beach. Under the faded blue and white striped awning of the plain wooden porch assembles all fashionable Newport, or all of it which is not taking its dip on the soft sands that stretch out to where the sea, rimmed with a line of brownish rose seaweed, sweeps green and blue and frothy white to the misty grey horizon. Out beyond an occasional shadowy sailboat or a vague drab destroyer slips silently by. On the beach and piazza, contrary to other seasons, one sees quite a few dark satin frocks, of black, and blue, and brown, and dull grey. Mrs. Cornelius Tangeman wears a gown of tobacco brown satin which is very pleasing against the background of sand. Mrs. William Woodward is sketched at Bailey's wearing a smart frock of prune coloured satin, supplemented by a hat and parasol of navy blue. About the crown of the hat was a design in white, and about her neck she had wound a graceful length of navy blue tulle. Her stockings and slim pumps were of a soft warm shade of tan which is the mode of the moment in footwear. The shade is called sand, but it is not the tone which one usually associates with this name, but a much warmer deeper shade, and the slippers have a suède finish. Mrs. Woodward's shoes were trimmed with cut steel buckles and in grace of line and carefully considered perfection of detail her costume was distinction itself.

The gingham dresses of last season have been succeeded this year by frocks of softly tinted voile and of striped and checked silks in gingham patterns. Dotted swiss and embroidered batiste are also the substance of some of the smartest sheer dresses. The same simplicity of design which always marks the tub clothes of smart women is characteristic of the summer dresses of the present year, which are made with simple skirts with tucks or tunics and softly bloused waists. Lovely soft blues and mauves and yellows are among the most popular colours for frocks of this kind, and grey dresses, too, are particularly attractive. Vivid colours are practically tabooed, and one seldom sees them even in sweaters, with the exception of a bit of orange now and then and, not infrequently, turquoise blue. Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, the young daughter of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, junior, is seen much in frocks and sweaters of orange colour, which are vastly becoming in contrast to her dark brown hair and clear fair skin.

Blue and black bathing suits still seem to be most popular, and many of these are made with the high necks and long sleeves which the very careful woman adopts for protection against the sun. Now and then a gaily coloured Japanese parasol blossoms out upon the neutral sands, making a pleasing splash of colour. One of the best looking bathing suits worn recently at Bailey's is sketched at the upper right on this page. It is of warm brown taffeta trimmed with gold and brown checked material of the same weave. Over scant bloomers of the plain brown stuff, banded with the checked material, the suit forms two straight panels, one in the front and one in the back, caught together at the sides with little bands of the checks, and in the very short sleeves the same idea of cuffs and checks is repeated.

Mrs. Howard Cushing, with her willowy height and vivid hair, forms one of the smartest and most picturesque figures at Newport this season. She is still in light mourning, and her clothes are charming. She was sketched one day at Bailey's in a soft white frock of Paris muslin with a simply tucked skirt and a caped coat of black velours which fell from her shoulders in graceful voluminous lines. Her flat black hat was trimmed about the edge with shiny black grapes, and the black chiffon veil which covered her face to the eyes had a little diamond shaped opening at the lips which was unusual and most effective. Later during the same day she again appeared at the beach in a flat black hat of much the same type with black osprey feathers sweeping out from its brim, and the same sheer white frock with a long ermine stole with tiny black tails. On a cool day many furs are worn on Bailey's, and of these the skin most frequently seen is taupe fox, forecasting the continued popularity of this fur.

Warm brown taffeta trimmed with gold and brown checked material makes this bathing suit

HAZARD'S BEACH

Hazard's boasts its usual patronage of exceedingly young Newporters, but now and again it receives a visitation such as it never knew before. About noontime hordes of soldiers from the not far distant Fort Adams and of sailors shortly to pass in review upon the grounds of the Polo Club (which has been given over this season to many naval reviews) invade the beach, assembling in picturesque groups upon the great rocks which rise at the left and swimming out to the green grey rocks in the bay, where they relax with an unconscious grace of line suggesting ancient statuary. With complete placidity old Charlie Nordstrom, time-honoured keeper of the beach, views these visitations, continuing to look with unrelaxed vigilance after his charges, the youth of Newport, whom he has long guarded against such inconveniences of life on the beach as sand in their shoes and an overwhelming desire for a "drink of water."

(Continued on page 81)

Old Charlie Nordstrom, the time-honoured keeper of Hazard's Beach, looks after the interests of young Newport

LANVIN ROYANT BULLOZ

There isn't a new silhouette, but there's a new variation of the old one made by a kangaroo pouch that's really a pocket—or even two pockets, as on this frock of blue serge embroidered in bright red and blue

"Who can embroider the most and best?" is a game the designers are playing in Paris. The result, in this case, is a sports frock of rose silk jersey with rose floss making a design all over its blouse and tunic

It's the black silk braid, used as binding, and trimming, and belt, that does so much for this simply draped cinnamon tan wool jersey frock—as, indeed, it does for a great many tailored frocks, this season

LA MODE SOUFFLÉE

The Fashion Forecast Promises Something Old, Something New, and a Wealth of Ingenuity

By RALPH BREED

NEVER has Paris expressed herself more artistically than in her preparations for the coming winter. Taking advantage of the exodus to points beyond the range of Big Bertha, she has already tried out some of her new ideas at Biarritz and at Deauville,—ideas which have been conceived amid the excitements of a city bombarded from the air and executed by dauntless little midinettes, humming the Marseillaise over their sewing, looking up from the intricacies of a bit of fine braiding, with hand firmly clasping Nénette and Rintintin, to defy the Boche to do his worst. The youngest and most timourous seems to realize that this dressmaking industry is a vital part of the life of the capital, of the Republic itself. She is determined that no fault of hers shall imperil the preeminence of Paris as a fashion centre, either now or after the war.

So in the face of a shortage of everything, the new fashions have been put together from a bit here, a bit there, a held-over stock of this, a lucky find of that, an ingenious use of a substitute, or an old adaptation. The result has been dubbed "La mode soufflée" by a clever Parisienne; that is to say, a remarkably attractive dish made of nothing at all.

"Is there a new silhouette?" is the first question that the fashionable woman asks when a new clothes season dawns. And she asks it with the thought in mind, "Will my last year's suit or gown do?" This year the patriotic women and clever designers of Paris have answered, "No, Madame, there is no really new silhouette, but still your last winter's gown won't do."

All the lovely women of Paris, determined that their *permissionaires* shall forget all about ugliness on their brief furloughs, agree that the old gown will not do, and even the little midinette redrapes her one black frock and alters the sleeves and the neck-line to avoid the reproach of being out-of-date. Her wealthy sister has provided a means of livelihood by the determination to be well dressed in all circumstances, and the adroit rearrangement of her clothes breaks no laws of conservation, but, on the contrary, assists the morale of every one concerned.

The silhouette, then, is not new. There may, however, be a popular revival of the barrel outline which Callot introduced several seasons ago. An idea of this kind often appears tentatively, makes only a moderate success, and disappears to come up again later as a real novelty. This line is probably as new as anything we shall

This coat learned its winter fashion lesson well and practised every point that it acquired. It began by being all grey — the very smartest thing a coat can do this season—and chose for its material grey tricolette embroidered all over with grey braid to match. Then it added a deep collar and cuffs and a front panel of that soft fur that has so recently climbed to social prominence—grey squirrel—and decided on grey crêpe de Chine for a lining. Its loose belt is weighted down with two large grey silk tassels, giving a long-waisted effect to the slim straightness which, it remembered, was the most important thing of all

Baron de Meyer

ROYANT

(Below) Fur, and embroidery, and just as much ingenuity as can be put into one garment—these are the requisites for the smartest new French coats, and certainly this one may claim them all. Under that very chic top of black seal is a long lower section of black broadcloth embroidered in black silk braid with appliqué — you would never guess—broadtail. Even that narrow belt is a chic innovation on a heavy coat, for it's made of grosgrain ribbon tied at one side

(Below) To be sure, there is less of wool stuffs and fine fur in Paris than in other years, but there are no less skilful French designers, so coats are still as warm and smart as ever. This one, for instance, took smoke colour satin and trimmed it with interesting squares of smoke colour hare. There are cuffs and a collar of hare, too, and bands of black silk braid put on with black and silver threads to give it the French touch that all coats long to have

BULLOZ

have this year. There are no great modifications of the mode; it is in details that the designers have excelled, details based upon an almost classic simplicity. And everywhere there is the clever adaptation of the styles to existing conditions, so typical of the best traditions of French fashions.

Let us take furs, for example. Fortunately, many of the finest skins from Russia have found their way to the markets of France and America, despite the war. Fewer, perhaps, have been received in France than in America, for there is a scarcity of pelts for this winter, though last year the cold and heatless houses caused Paris to buy and wear more furs than ever before. In the face of the shortage, what does Paris do? Something artistic, of course. She creates heavy silk coats and lines them with the less expensive furs, trimming them with the rarer skins. A lovely Parisienne who ordered a coat of this type, remarked, "I am weary of appearing rich and old. I want to look young and chic."

"Concealed wealth," some one called this particular coat with its fur treasure hidden by silk. It is a charming model which is sure to appeal to discriminating women.

The same idea of using silk is introduced in coatees to replace the fur stole. These are generally of heavy matelassé. Tête de nègre silk, in one instance, is used as a setting for a collar, deep cuffs, and an edging of grey squirrel with kolinsky tips. Tête de nègre is popular in autumn and winter costumes, and in furs all Paris is

BULLOZ

JENNY

This double fur stole with that up-to-date old-fashioned air is made of flat cross-fox skins which cross at the front, where two heads run through an opening, and it matches the muff just opposite

This picturesque muff is made on the principle of those olive-stuffed anchovies that used to come from France, and it is equally delightful. A fur head is in the centre of the coil, the muff is the same back and front, and there are three skunk tails at the bottom

(Left, above) This lustrous affair is a prophecy of what the smartest coats will be, made in terms of black satin and beaver fur. The use of satin for winter wraps is one of the things it prophesies, the popularity of deep collars and narrow bands of fur as trimming, are two more, and the coming of the full coat-sleeve, set into a deep shoulder line and running into a narrow cuff, is still another

(Right, above) This is one of the ways the Parisienne will take to look charming by afternoon or evening, this winter. It's a cape made of satin in elephant brown with deep rows of shirring wherever it meets the moleskin fur that trims it. There is fur at the bottom, a wholly original mole collar that stands in separate graduated tiers, and a deep stole that winds about the neck, totally ignoring the collar beneath it

BULLOZ

It's really very new, this long muff of red, grey, black, and white cross-fox with two shirred-in fur tassels ending in long tails. If one doesn't want to carry it in the usual way, it may hang over one's arm

BULLOZ

When Callot tried to introduce the barrel silhouette a few years ago, the world gasped—but didn't follow. Now here it is again—and Paris has approved it this time—in the skirt of an unusual one-piece dress of dead leaf brown serge trimmed with smoke blue velvet. Cut steel buttons fasten the front and the long tight cuffs. The collar, wide gathered sleeves, and deep band on the skirt are of the smoke grey velvet while the rest of the frock is of the serge

JENNY

Nothing could be newer, warmer, or more entirely flattering to the far-sightedness of its wearer than a waistcoat of fur. This most original suit is of tea-green velours with a vest of black caracul buttoning with wee fur buttons up to the arctic verge of one's ears. The coat is long and straight to the knees, held in by a narrow crushed belt of the velours, and cleverly trimmed with a new sort of fringe in the shape of narrow rows of cut caracul on side panels and cuffs

talking pearl grey. This brings squirrel into great prominence; whole garments of this one-time common fur are now so beautifully worked that they become *objets de luxe*. Two new ideas are the little cameo muff, sketched in the middle on page 46, and the one in melon shape with two long tails, sketched at the lower right on the same page, which may be carried under the arm, or in the usual way.

THE NEW FRENCH TAILLEURS

Paris is making more tailleurs now than at any time since the war. They show a conservation of material, both of wool and fur, which is seemingly ignored in separate coats. Two of the models sketched in the group at the top on this page are in the revived barrel shape. In the suit in the middle Jenny features an apparently lavish use of fur, but economy is its basic thought. Bulloz, in his one-piece dress, sketched at the left, uses a combination of brown serge and blue velvet, giving an elaborate wintry effect with the inexpensive fur collar, which may be eliminated. While many suits with long coats will be worn, we shall see also a few shorter-than-hip models and some with Russian blouse tendencies. Skirt lengths remain about the same as last spring, which means longer than last winter. A novelty is the tightness behind the knee, noticeable in the Paris skirts. Buttons are set in at the sides on hidden pleats and may be unbuttoned if extra width is needed to give fulness for war work or strenuous walking.

The coats and frocks are meant to supplement each other. Many women consider it good economy to invest in a rich coat, as it may be worn with almost any kind of daytime frock and in an emergency may serve in the evening. The coats of the season have a broad effect as may be seen from the Bulloz model sketched at the lower left on page 45. It is in seal combined with black broadcloth with appliqué of broadtail and braid embroidery. Many of the coats resemble dresses, and while those with a very narrow effect at the hem are the smartest, they may be found too extreme for many individuals. But, at least, all flare must be done away with.

Velours, lined and trimmed with velours and with no fur at all, is a favourite coat material. One of Jenny's models in tea-green velours lined with beige velours is among the best. Silk, too, is a dictation from Paris for a coat to wear with luncheon frocks. It is well adapted to the new melon sleeves, and the French designers give it warmth by using a velours lining.

On nearly all the frocks embroidery plays an important part. Such famous houses as Callot, Chanel, and Lanvin vie with each other in producing rich and multi-coloured Persian and Chinese effects. One wonders if there is not a patriotic thought behind this—to show the world that Paris will not be dependent on the rest of the world, either now or after the war, for her dye stuffs. There are but few evening gowns, but it is a noticeable fact that Paris is wearing more of the so-called "dinner gowns" than at any time since the war. No doubt later we may see many charming evolutions of this form of gown, since the ban which was placed upon them for several seasons has been lifted.

A FORECAST OF DAYTIME DRESSES

It is, however, to the daytime dresses that we shall give our chief attention. Many of them have a solid back of embroidery. A lovely gown that Madame Jenny herself has been wearing recently, is of black broadcloth with a back apron effect and an entire back of jet beads set in patterns. Just a touch of the same jet embroidery trims the front of the blouse. Bulloz gets the same elaborate back effect by using four rows of soutache braid on a panel.

Lanvin shows what is, perhaps, the nearest approach to a new silhouette, but it is only for the young and slender. It is a sort of kangaroo pouch, square and broad, and is formed by a double pocket effect in front. Although the description sounds ugly, it is really very smart on

(*Continued on page 77*)

SUMMER SEES CHARMING BRIDES, AMONG WHOM ARE MRS. LOUIS LIVINGSTON, OF WINNETKA, ILLINOIS, AND MRS. WILLIAM G. HOLLOWAY, OF NEW YORK

Moffett

This photograph of Mrs. Louis Livingston, who before her marriage was Miss Charlotte Atlee Black, daughter of Mr. Irving Cunard Black, of Winnetka, Illinois, was taken just after the wedding and shows her with her veil arranged in a most becoming and unusual manner. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston are spending the summer with Mr. Livingston's sister, Mrs. Henry Worthington Bull at "Sweetwater Farm," Smithtown, Long Island

Havelock Pierce

Miss Hilda Holmes, the daughter of Mr. Artemas H. Holmes, was married to Mr. William Grace Holloway at "The Crossroads," Old Westbury, Long Island, the home of Mr. William Russell Grace, Mr. Holloway's uncle. Mr. Holloway is a son of Mrs. Albert F. D'Oench. Mr. and Mrs. Holloway have sailed for Lima, Peru, where they expect to make their home

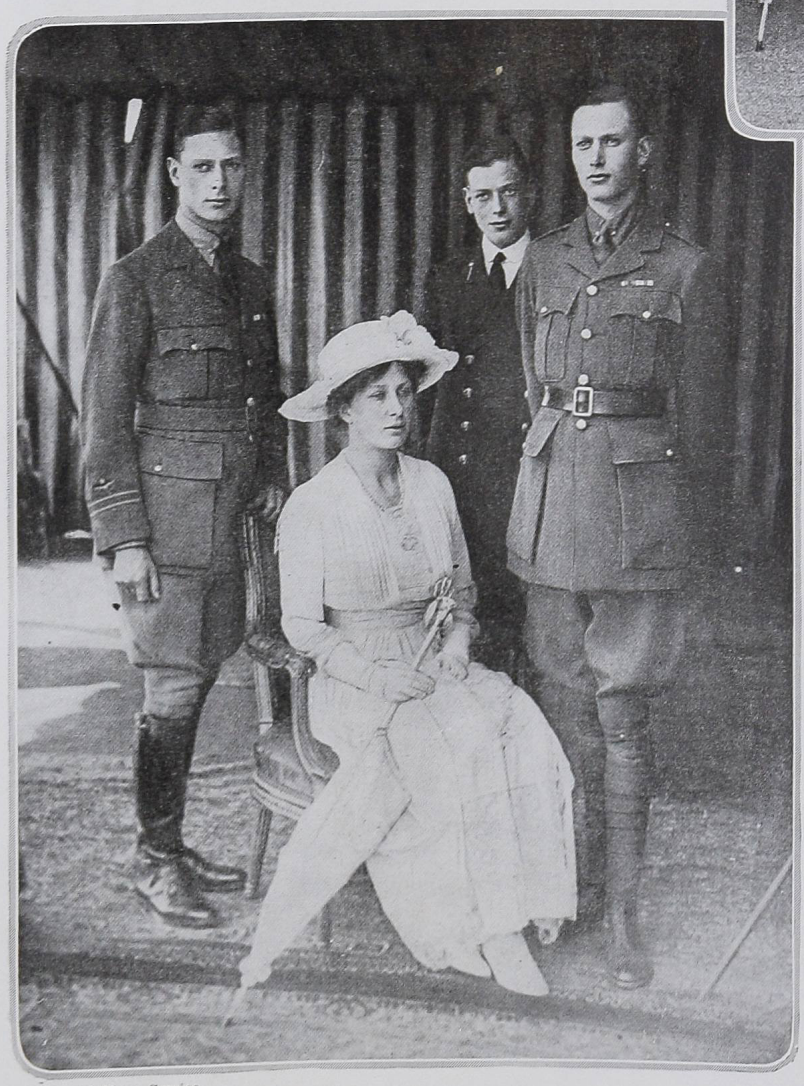
Charlotte Fairchild

MRS. WALTER T. ROSEN AND HER DAUGHTER, LUCIE BIGELOW ROSEN

Mrs. Rosen, who was before her marriage Miss Lucie Bigelow Dodge, is the daughter of Mrs. Lionel G. Guest, of London, and the sister of Major John Bigelow Dodge, of the 63rd Machine Gun Battalion, British Expeditionary Force, who won the Distinguished Service Cross at Gallipoli before he was twenty-one. Mrs. Rosen is interested in British and Canadian War Relief, and in the American Red Cross, and the work of caring for families of soldiers

Queen Alexandra is here shown arriving at St. Paul's Cathedral on the occasion of the celebration of the silver wedding of Queen Mary and King George. In the carriage with her is her daughter, Princess Victoria

In order to be present at the silver wedding anniversary of Queen Mary and King George, the King and Queen of Belgium crossed the Channel by sea plane. This photograph shows Queen Elizabeth walking in the grounds of Buckingham Palace with Queen Mary. It seems very fitting that the King and Queen of Belgium, who have proved in so many ways that they have the courage and the spirit of high adventure, should be the first royal personages to make this flight



(Left) This specially posed photograph, taken at Buckingham Palace, shows, reading from left to right, Prince Albert, who was formerly in the Navy and is now a lieutenant in the Royal Air Force, Princess Mary, Prince George, who is a midshipman, and Prince Henry, who is a cadet in an officer's training corps

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THE KING AND QUEEN OF BELGIUM WILL GO DOWN ON RECORD IN HISTORY AS HAVING BEEN THE FIRST ROYAL PERSONAGES TO FLY ACROSS THE CHANNEL

FIFTEEN MILLIONS FOR THE BLUE TRIANGLE

What the Red Triangle is to the Boy at the Front, the Blue is to His Sister and Sweetheart at Home

"BUT," said the First Editor, "these pictures aren't pretty." Work isn't pretty. War isn't pretty.

"But," said the Second Editor, "these pictures aren't inspiring. They don't show eleven million women doing anything." Pictures seldom do. The camera is sub-human.

"But," said the Third Editor, "these girls are so ordinary." Women are ordinary, most of them. Joan of Arc flamed once. This is just Martha, little Martha, common ordinary work-a-day, love-a-day Martha of the alarm clock—the war-worker, the piece-worker—who backs up the boys.

EVERY TENTH IS A WAGE-EARNER

If you stood all good Americans in line—men, women, and children—every tenth one nowadays would be a wage-earning woman. There isn't a single gainful occupation listed by the census—and there are three hundred and three of them—in which women haven't been employed since the commencement of hostilities. There are vast concentrations of them in the big Government munition cantonments; there are forty-five thousand of them in Washington alone where the Government is spending ten million dollars to provide them with housing. There isn't a uniform, or a shell, or a ship, or a gain on the Western Front that this super-woman hasn't helped to make. Nurses, ambulance drivers, yeowomen, telephone operators, munition workers, farmerettes, Army-contract factory operatives, clerks, office assistants, and messenger girls, women conductors, and elevator starters, the ticket-taker at the subway, the coloured woman in the railroad yard—the endless line of the home defense guard of America stretches away and away to the horizon of one's imagination.

When the boys went into khaki, the Red Triangle of the Y. M. C. A. went into khaki, too. When the women mobilized, the Blue Triangle of the Y. W. C. A. enlisted among the first. Last year they spent five million dollars; this year they will need fifteen million, the greater part of it for Martha of the alarm clock. Not all of it is for use in America—the foreign work of the Y. W. C. A. is another story—but for the woman worker at home, there is no friend so energetic, so ingenious, and so tactful withal, as the "Y. W." The Y. W., you see, has had a good deal of practice in the last twenty-five years. It has learned, often through failure, just what the wage-earning woman needs. Briefly and officially summarized, it is this—"proper shelter, nourishing food, and satisfying play." Which three items, when one comes to think of it, are just about all the human race requires, in war or out of it. One naturally begins with the shelter, and in this connection—if one is initiated—one thinks of Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, junior, Chairman of the Housing Committee of the Y. W. C. A., whose modest little pamphlet entitled "Suggestions for Housing Women War Workers" made such an impression on the Secretary of War, to whom it was addressed.

To begin with, the Y. W. C. A. stood for permanent buildings—none of the beaver board and tar paper and hope-so construction. The National Housing Association in conference assembled had agreed that a man's efficiency depended directly on his living conditions, so why not a woman's? Give a girl a pleasant room in a beautiful building, and one had gone far toward disposing of that dread spectre of the manufacturer, "the abnormal labour turnover" which, in plain English, means the same thing as the housemaid's tendency to leave at the end of two weeks. But while men might or might not be advantageously housed in large groups, the Y. W. had concluded, judging by conditions in its two hundred pre-war boarding homes throughout America, that when it came to women, small groups were more easily managed. Young girls should be housed in units of one hundred and fifty at the most, with a big recreation building as the centre of each group of units. Older women are more independent. They should be in smaller groups. Coloured women should live by themselves with due provision for social life. Non-English speaking foreign girls should also be gathered in small groups and given the same educational advantages that the men of their families enjoy in the camps.

Marjorie Jones

This group of "yeomen, female," from the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is watching an aeroplane before they start for the Y. W. C. A.

All this and much more—sketches, plans, argument, and illustration—was to be found in the book of "Suggestions." But this wasn't enough. The Y. W. went ahead and built a model unit at Charleston for the girls in the Navy uniform factory which contains, besides the usual rooms, a roof garden and those two specialties of the Y. W., "beau parlours" where Martha receives her men friends and "kimono parlours" where she really and truly enjoys herself and her chocolates. Besides providing this object lesson in full blast, the National Board of the Y. W. C. A. mailed forty-five thousand copies of the "Suggestions" to mayors, chambers of commerce, presidents of women's clubs, and manufacturers, to whom it offered its services as consultant on the erection of similar buildings and as supply station for social workers to take charge of them. Mrs. Rockefeller's housing mail averages from fifteen to twenty letters a day, every letter of which is answered with as much care as though it came from Mr. Wilson himself. In addition to this, the busy Chairman of the Housing Committee works on blue-prints, worries over fire escapes, consults with local committees, and generally aids in keeping the subject of housing uppermost in the mind of the public.

But housing alone isn't enough. And in no case can it touch all the workers, some of whom live at home, others of whom board in private families. The Y. W. also specializes on the recreation centre where the hostess at the soldiers' parties isn't some condescending patriot, but just Martha herself (properly chaperoned, of course), in the person of those "honour girls" who have done well mentally and socially in the various clubs organized by a resourceful secretary. This is of immense advantage to Martha, since it not only disposes of the problem of amusing her, but provides in addition a joyous school where such of her as have not previously had the opportunity, may be taught to entertain. It is also of immense advantage to Jack Tar and Sammy Khaki who might or might not admire the condescending patriot, but couldn't possibly marry her, while as to Martha—see any Y. W. secretary when she feels like talking. While it is perfectly true that an occasional worker on gas masks may motor in to lunch at Sherrys, the majority, of course,—as is the case with the rank and file of any army—are not girls who have ever had more money or more chances for a good time than the Y. W. is giving them this summer.

AN ANTIDOTE FOR RED PAINT

Community recreation is undoubtedly what makes a town out of a forest of bunk houses, as our friends the English discovered with their munition settlement at Gretna. Community recreation is also the thing to fall back upon in safe-

(*Continued on page 84*)

Press Illustrating Service

The munition worker has long hours and a hard, sometimes nerve-wracking task. But she knows that she's a patriot and that the Y. W. C. A. waits for her at the end of a weary day

Mrs. John Blair, who has secured the consent of many New York employers to organize voters' classes for their employees, conducted one of the most interesting of the series on the stage of the Hippodrome for the benefit of an enthusiastic chorus

THE SCHOOL FOR VOTERS

The Woman Suffrage Party of New York City Sets Out to Educate the Five Hundred Thousand Women Added to the Voters' List By the Passage of the Suffrage Amendment

THE day has gone by when a New York woman was classified as a blonde or a brunette and dated her new year from the first Sunday after the first full moon after the twenty-first of March when she acquired her Easter hat. In the new day which has taken the place of that antiquated era, the New York woman is classified as a Democrat or a Republican, and the time for which she waits with bated breath is the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November—otherwise, Election Day.

Last year New York State carried its Woman Suffrage Amendment by a majority of one hundred thousand. The Suffrage Party, instead of turning its headquarters into a tea room or a new Tammany Hall, decided to remain in existence, for educational purposes only, until it was assured that each new voter knew who she was, and why she was, and what she was going to do about it.

WHO THE NEW VOTER REALLY IS

Perhaps that sounds easier than it is. New York isn't bounded on the south by Thirty-fourth Street, with a Wall Street postscript at the end of a roaring subway. New York consists mainly, in fact, of such districts as the New Yorker seldom visits at all. The problem of educating the feminine voter has as little to do with the Telephone Directory as it has with the Social Register. For the average addition to the voters' lists, strange as it may seem, is quite below the financial level recognized by the switchboard operator. The story, then, is largely an affair of mean streets and swarming tenements, but, as the women recognize who are brave enough and untiring enough to attack the problem, only by educating the uneducated and Americanizing the foreigner can the peril of these mean streets—a peril that is now doubled—be met by the rest of New York. As well-born American women, we can never out-vote the immigrant; we must make her an all-American citizen and voter.

The Suffrage Party found that there were five hundred thousand new voters in New York city alone. Two hundred thousand of them were foreign-born women whose citizenship has been acquired automatically because Giuseppe Belmonte or Abraham J. Isaacstein went out one afternoon and got naturalized. Many of these women didn't even know that their husbands had taken out papers at all, let alone the effect it had on them as wives. The new law, however, stated that any alien woman, naturalized through her husband and a resident of the United States for five years, was entitled to go into the sacred polling booth and take the sacred black lead pencil in her good right hand and make as many X's as her conscience demanded, provided she didn't attempt to force the same office on two different men. She didn't have to qualify as Giuseppe had done, by being able to speak English and by satisfying the court that she was of good moral character. She and Giuseppe were one; one qualifying was therefore sufficient.

For purposes of education — rather badly needed—the Woman Suffrage Party divided its energies into two eager and equal parts. One of them it called the Americanization Committee of the City of New York, with Miss Mary E. Dreier as Chairman, and the other, the Women Voters' Council proper, under the leadership of Miss Mary Garrett Hay, with Mrs. John Blair as Secretary.

To the hopeful lot of the Americanization Committee fell the two hundred thousand foreign-born women who must be reached largely through foreign language literature and foreign language classes. Lucia and Sonia and Rachel needed a good deal more instruction than that which had to do with the sacred booth and the sacred black lead pencil. They had landed at Ellis Island, to be sure, but their conceptions were those of Warsaw or Palermo. One of the initial steps in the Americanization campaign was to inaugurate a series of "first voters' parties" on the lower East Side.

"But how did you get the names?" the Secretary of the Committee was asked. "They hadn't registered, had they?"

"Oh, no," said Miss Esther Lape serenely. "But we had the list of men voters and we took a chance on their being married—a fairly safe chance to take down there, you know."

YOU VOTE—I VOTE—THEY VOTE

Rachel was one of the invited. Sixteen years ago when she first got over being frightened by the sound of the Second Avenue L, she went out and bought a pair of corsets from a push-cart man. She hadn't worn them but once, yet to her mind the very possession of them made her an American. She'd never been invited to an American party before, however, and, though years had made their subtle changes in Rachel, those American corsets simply had to be worn. Abraham came home in time to witness the transformation and was told the reason for it.

"Voters' party? But you wasn't no voter,

(*Continued on page 78*)

Miss Downing, Miss Sands, Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt, and Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt are here shown at Bailey's Beach, Newport. Mrs. Pratt is wearing an unusual and striking costume with a large shade hat

Mrs. Sydney Breese, who before her marriage was Miss Elizabeth A. Morton, is summering at Southampton

Mrs. J. Francis A. Clark is here shown receiving her guests at the Red Cross children's play, "The Stolen Princess," which was written by Mrs. Clark; the music was composed by her sister, Miss Dorothie Bigelow

Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs and Mrs. Charles W. Carpenter, junior, are seen chatting at Bailey's Beach. Mrs. Oelrichs spent the winter at Palm Beach but is now with her son, Lieutenant Hermann Oelrichs, who belongs to the Naval Reserve and is stationed at Newport

Mrs. John M. L. Rutherfurd, who spent much of last winter at Palm Beach, is now at Southampton

Miss Cathleen Vanderbilt was one of the programme girls at the Red Cross play, "The Stolen Princess"

Miss Grace Vanderbilt, who recently made her début at Newport, is one of the few girls who have been brought out since the war. Her father, Brigadier-General Vanderbilt, and her brother, Private Cornelius Vanderbilt, junior, are home on furlough

SOUTHAMPTON HAS THE CHARM OF NEARNESS TO NEW YORK; BUT NEWPORT STILL DRAWS A FAITHFUL COTTAGE COLONY

© Western Newspaper Union

FRENCH COATS *may be* BOUFFANT *or* SLIM

JENNY

This isn't a picture from the days of "Mrs. Lincoln and the ladies of the Cabinet" in bouffant skirts and tight bonnets. It's the newest of French coats in blue velveteen with bands of grey squirrel around the deep shawl collar and turned-back front panels. The full sleeves are persuaded into squirrel cuffs finished with deep tabs of navy blue grosgrain ribbon, and a belt of the ribbon goes around light-heartedly and ties at one side with long ends hanging almost to the line of grey squirrel that bounds the coat

COATS FROM GIDDING

GEORGETTE

This slim coat runs a straight course in black velveteen with tight bodice and shirred skirt. There are big tucks and little tucks in rows all down the skirt, and that Parisian favourite, monkey fur, rises to lofty altitudes in collar and cuffs

This coat couldn't make up its smoke velours mind to anything so stupid as consistency, so it chose the fitted bodice of the moment and the shirred skirt of yesteryear. The deep shoulder collar and the small but unusual cuffs are of Hudson seal

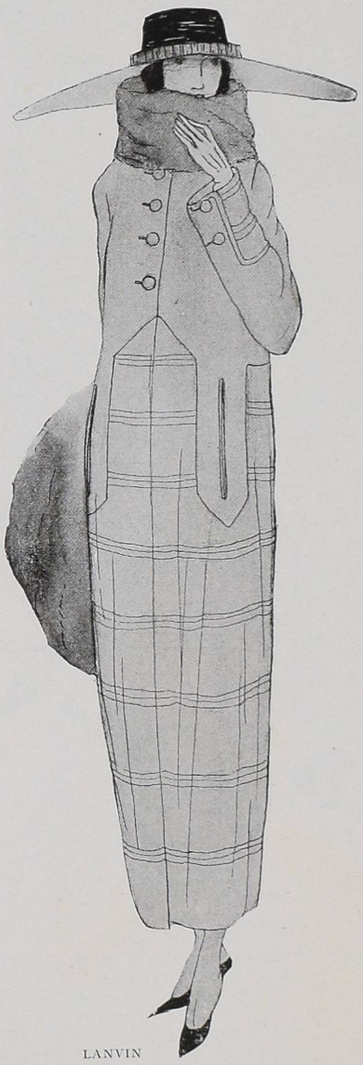
PREMET

A VOLUMINOUS KIMONO COAT IS ONE EXTREME OF THE WINTER MODE IN PARIS AND A STRAIGHT TIGHT SHEATH IS THE OTHER

MODELS FROM BONWIT TELLER

PAQUIN

Many a true coat is made like a dress this season. This example of the prevailing fashion is made of taupe grey velours with a deep cape-collar of Hudson seal. It fastens at one side of the front and ties at the waist with a narrow velours belt. The collar may be worn as shown in the sketch or wrapped tightly about the neck to form a short draped collar

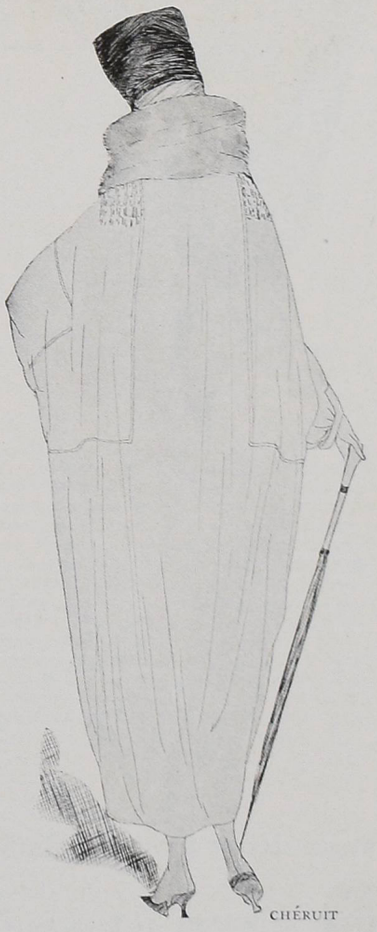


LANVIN

Lanvin has her own ideas of how coats should be made just now, and the results justify her confidence. The straight tight lines of this coat of brown velours with a draped collar of nutria are accentuated by the deep tabs of the upper part of the coat, which fastens from the neck to the waist. The skirt of the coat is trimmed with groups of tiny tucks

CHÉRUIT

Squirrel, which is one of the fashionable furs for autumn, is used for the over-collar of this slim coat of taupe velours. Narrow cordings of velours trim the sleeves and belt and make triangles on the wide box-pleats at either side of the coat, the tops of which form pockets. A narrow shoulder-cape of the velours is shirred at the neck and hangs to the waist



CHÉRUIT

The loose kimono lines which find expression here in green velvet, are the newest of all the new lines that Paris has evolved for this winter's coats. The slight fullness is shirred into groups at each shoulder, and the deep yoke is outlined by cordings of the velvet. The sleeves, which begin at the elbow, are shirred into narrow cuff-bands. The coat, finished with a deep collar of nutria, is fastened at the neck in front and then drapes about the figure and remains closed without further fastenings

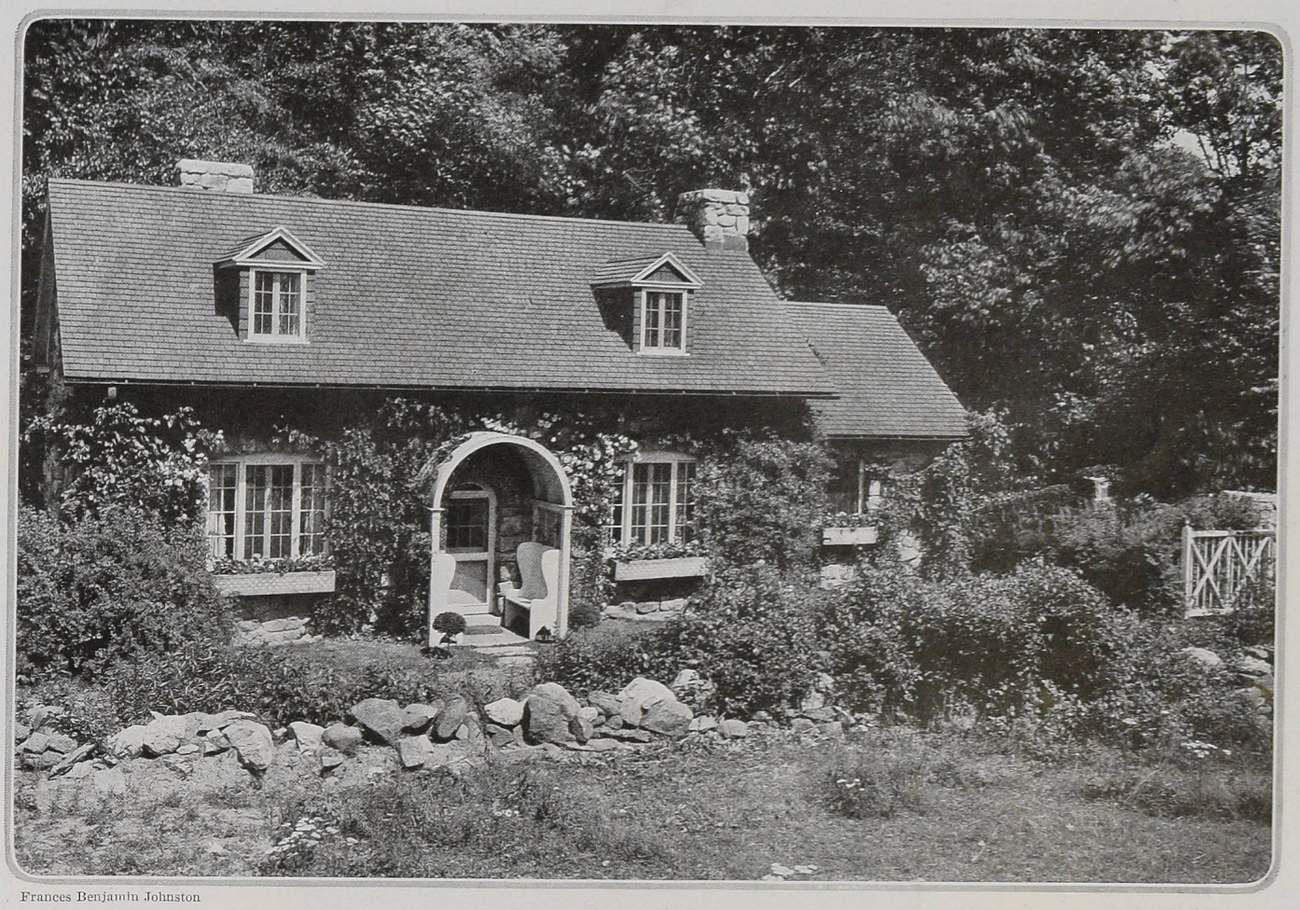
The theatre costume has been evolved to meet the needs of the woman who wishes to be inconspicuously dressed for the street, for tea, for the matinée, or for the theatre after informal dinner. It is a type of costume at once simple and elaborate, as one can see in this gown of black satin finished at the neck with a narrow shawl collar of écru Georgette crêpe delicately embroidered with gold thread. A satin underskirt has a deep band of broadtail; costume from Gidding

The coat designed to go with the black satin gown at the left is of warm tan velours, straight, long, and made in two sections with big pockets where the sections join. A belt that begins at one side under the arm winds across the back and fastens with smoked pearl buttons, and a deep sailor collar of broadtail develops straight front pieces that cross over and fasten at each side. The band of broadtail to match this collar is all that can be seen of the skirt, under the long slender coat

This fair lady divides her enthusiasm between black satin and sand coloured duvetyn. She also fancies the idea of seeing herself coming and going in these two sketches. In the first she wears a coat of satin and duvetyn over a duvetyn skirt. The coat fastens at the front, has a wide crushed belt of the satin, shows black satin panels finished with deep squares of the duvetyn, and elects deep cuffs and a high collar of monkey, no less popular in New York than it is in Paris

Facing the audience, she drops her coat and appears in her frock with its square-necked black satin waist covered with a sleeveless bodice of sand coloured Georgette crêpe run with fine braid of the same shade and showing the long, tight, snug-wristed sleeves so characteristic of the season. A belt of the black satin marks the waist-line and open darts under which more black satin lurks in shadow lend interest to the top of the long narrow slim-lined skirt; costume from Mollie O'Hara

MANY NEW YORK WOMEN WILL WELCOME A TYPE OF COSTUME DESIGNED FOR WEAR AT LUNCHEON, ON THE STREET, OR AT DINNER, AS WELL AS FOR THE THEATRE AT NIGHT



Frances Benjamin Johnston

In spite of the fact that there is a large house on their Greenwich estate, the owners often prefer to open this cottage for week-ends instead

AN IDEAL HOUSE FOR A WEEK-END

All the Old-World Charm of a Caldecott Illustration Lurks in the Lines Of This Week-end House, Originally Destined for a Gardener's Cottage

AN institution which has apparently come to stay is an ingenious combination of a compact town apartment and an idealized camp where weary city folk may enter late Friday afternoons, to find a haven of rest over Saturday and Sunday, with no more elaborate preparations than simply turning the key in the lock and switching on the electric light. A happy accident is responsible for one of the most perfect and delightfully appointed of these week-end retreats, a house of dreams, tucked away on the wooded bank of a brook which threads its way through the wild acreage of the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Elon Huntington Hooker, at Greenwich, Connecticut.

The Hookers have always been enthusiastic lovers of the country, and especially of English country life as exemplified in its best traditions, a fine blend of dignity, beauty, and comfort, mixed with true hospitality. In their search for an out-of-town residence, they acquired an old colonial house with some twenty acres of ground, once the Lanier homestead, in the wooded heights of Rock Ridge.

THE BIG HOUSE ON THE HILL

The old house was remodelled and extended under the plans of McKim, Mead and White, the new construction being of granite field boulders, carefully selected for richness of colour. Next came the furnishings of the house, chosen with great discrimination, many of the most cherished treasures having been secured on motor trips through remote English villages where often the ardent collector could take away in the tonneau of his car rare pieces of Chippendale or Heppelwhite furniture.

While the house was under construction, plans were made for the out-buildings, and a lodge at the lower gate, to be built of granite field stones also, was designed as a gardener's cottage. The owners came to camp out in the cottage, awaiting the completion of the Big House on the Hill, and the experience developed so many pleasant possibilities that it was decided then and there to provide other quarters for the gardener and to keep the picturesque lodge always as a playhouse for the family and their friends. Architecturally it is a delight to the eye, perfect in its proportions and lines, its squat chimneys and stone walls giving a feeling of solid comfort, and its red tiled roof a note of cheer. In spring time, it is gay with wistaria and rose vines, and its window-boxes glow with pink geraniums.

THE LITTLE HOUSE AT THE LOWER GATE

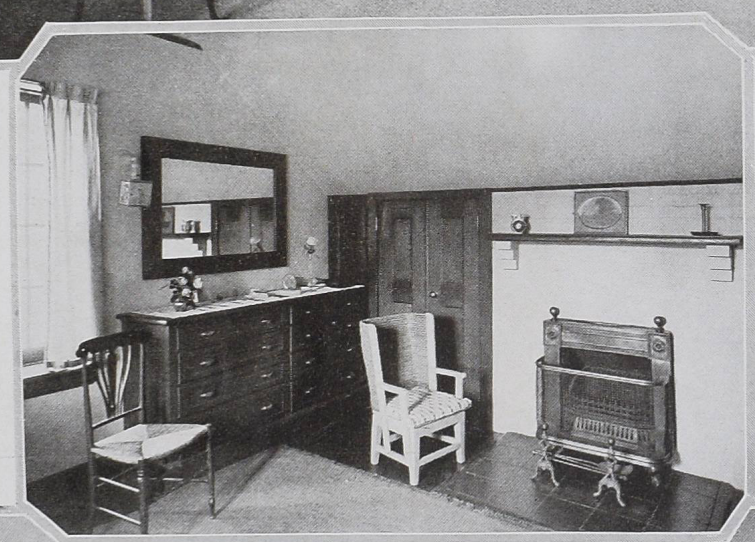
The interior, under the inspiration of the good taste of the owner and Miss Gheen's suggestion for decoration, takes on a rare combination of charm, simplicity, and practical utility. A certain flavour of quaintness is obtained by the use of Early American designs and ornaments and of Old English furniture, so characteristic of New England houses in colonial times. Every article of furniture, from the living-room to the kitchen, belongs to the cottage, including a complete equipment of linen, blankets, and china, although the Big House is hardly more than a stone's throw away over the hill.

The floor-plans give three good-sized rooms on the ground floor and three bedrooms in the second story, with a sleeping porch and two bathrooms, and every detail is designed to give the greatest comfort and convenience for the least care and effort. The entrance is through a rose-covered white porch which might have come out of Cranford and which opens into a narrow hall. Here the walls are covered with an interesting old wall-paper which is an original impression, not a reprint. The design pictures hunting scenes of the late eighteenth century, carried out in brilliant reds, greens, and blues on a pale grey ground. The effect of this paper is most inviting and cheerful.

THE LIVING-ROOM OF THE LITTLE HOUSE

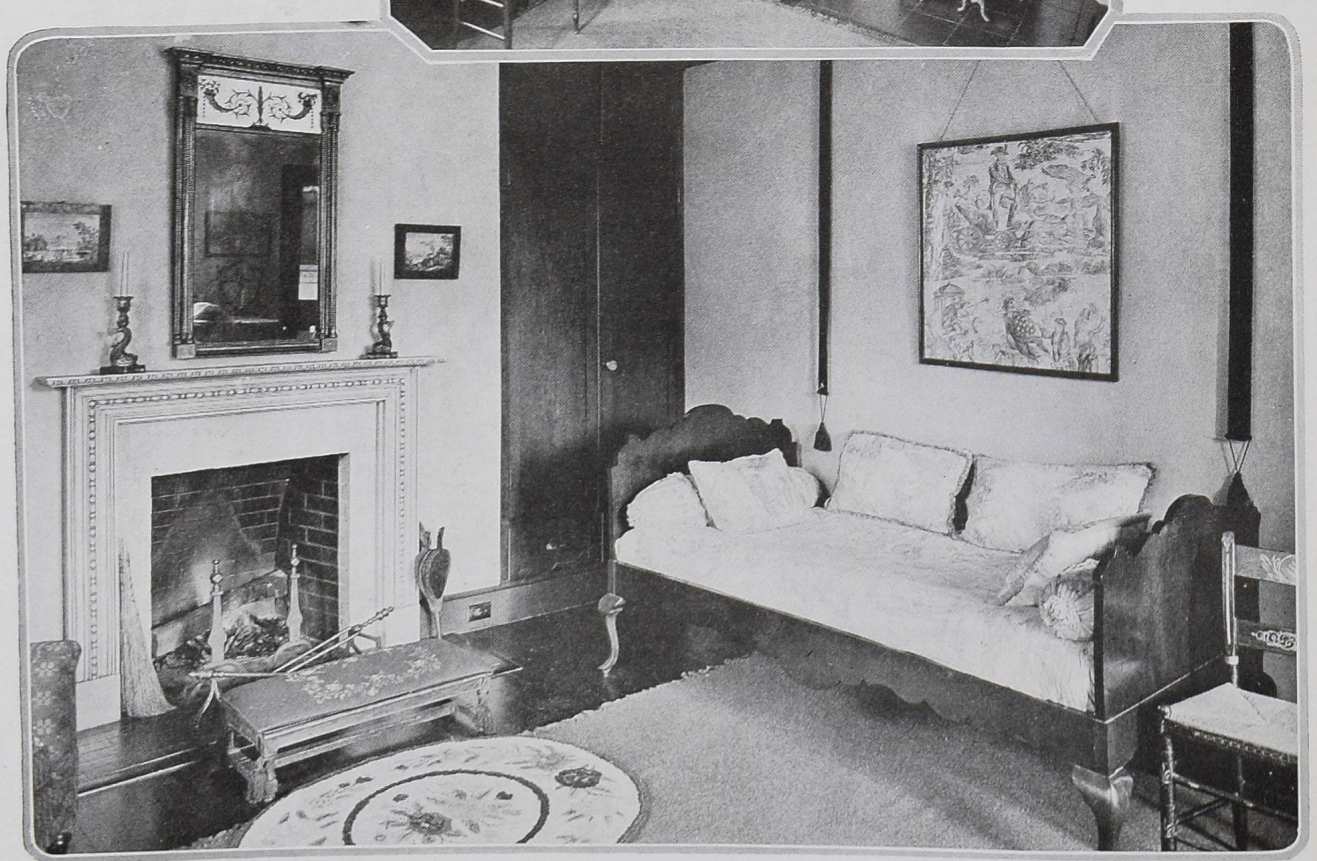
On the left of the entrance is the living-room, which is also the owner's bedroom. The walls are plastered and painted in a soft neutral tint, while the prevailing note of the furnishings is a rich mulberry, a particularly delightful colour. A very curious old American linen, printed in New York State early in the last century, is used for the valances and covers of the walnut day-bed, and the complete pattern of the print is framed and hung as a wall decoration. Be-

In the living-room, which is also the owner's bedroom, early American designs and ornaments and Old English furniture are combined, as they were in Colonial times, with the idea of achieving the quaintness, simplicity, and comfort which are the perquisites of the small house



(Right) The children's room is so fortunate as to have one of those decorative old-fashioned Franklin stoves which used to project such welcome heat into chilly New England houses

(Below) A curious old American linen, printed in New York State early in the last century, is used for the covers of this walnut daybed. A complete pattern of the print, framed and hung on the wall, shows General Washington in a chariot drawn by leopards, guiding his country to liberty, while the news of American Independence is being trumpeted through the world. The mantel is a reproduction of an old English design, and on its narrow shelf are two dolphin candlesticks of emerald green glass



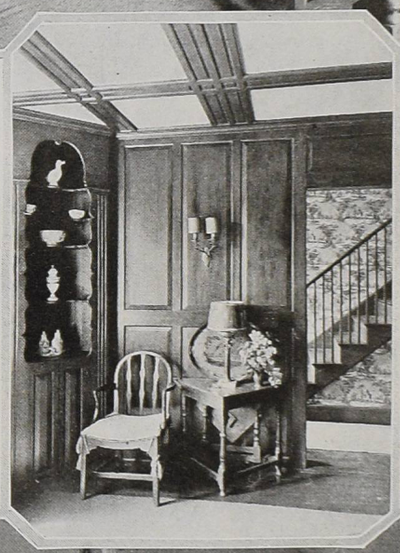
Frances Benjamin Johnston

cause of its subject, it is called the "George Washington print." An elaborate allegorical design stamped in soft mulberry tones on the creamy linen ground shows General Washington in a chariot drawn by leopards, guiding his country to liberty, while the news of American Independence is being trumpeted through the world. Below stands Benjamin Franklin, with Columbia and her starry shield, leading to the Temple of Fame. The old linen print is historic, and other pieces from the same blocks are preserved in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. On either side of the framed piece of linen are bell-pulls made of old mulberry wool trimming.

The wooden mantel is a reproduction of an old English design, and above it is a delightful old mirror, with gold frame and painted top panel. On the narrow mantel shelf are two dolphin candlesticks of Early American glass, a fine emerald green in colour. A hooked rug, with quaint designs of flowers in deep mulberry tones makes a gay spot in front of the fire place, while the cushioned chair and settee are upholstered in a woven material made on hand looms and following the pattern so often used in early New England homes. The curtains are of heavy natural coloured Russian linen and, like the valances, are trimmed with a netted and tasselled fringe, copied from an antique piece. The effect of the whole room is delightfully restful and inviting to a weary visitor from the city, in search of a bit of serenity.

Across the hall, on the right, is the dining-room, which is remarkable for its decorative treatment and simple execution. An early American room of the seventeenth century was the model for this charming interior, with its panelled walls, beamed ceiling, and corner cupboards, all made of pine, but so cleverly stained, waxed, and rubbed, that the woodwork has much the appearance of fine old walnut. The table, chairs, and Welsh dresser are Early English pieces, also of the seventeenth century period, and were among the owner's "finds" on her Old Country excursions. The chair cushions are covered with hand-woven material, copied from an Early American design and tied on with cords and tassels. An old Dutch marine painting hangs over the mantel, appropriately flanked by Dutch ginger jars in blue and white with wrought brass covers. A charming touch is found in the hammered iron of the latches, hinges, and other hardware, which is entirely consistent with this type of interior.

Among the owner's "finds" on motor trips through England, were the table chairs and Welsh dresser which give this dining-room its charm



The hall wall-paper, which is an original impression and not a reprint, shows hunting scenes of the eighteenth century, carried out in brilliant bright colours

The built-in cupboards, the details of which are perfectly carried out, are undoubtedly the most interesting things in the room. They are not only an important architectural feature, but have great decorative value, as it is possible to display in them fine old pieces of china. A charming note of colour is added by the use of mulberry lacquer shades on a pair of antique brass lamps.

Opening directly from the dining-room, for economy of space and to simplify service in this eminently practical playhouse, is the kitchen, completely equipped with pantry, cold storage, electrical appliances, and cooking range.

In the up-stairs rooms, the keynotes are simplicity, comfort, and convenience. Each chamber has an open fireplace, and the children's room boasts an old time Franklin stove.

The sleeping-porch is most attractive, with enameled iron beds painted cream colour. The wicker chairs are also cream colour with a border of flat pink to match the calico covers on the beds and cushions.

Although the "Big House" may be closed for months in the winter, "The Cottage" is kept open the year round, and a surprising number of ways have been devised to enjoy its hospitality.

A sleeping-porch, fresh and gay with cream coloured paint and pink calico covers, is included in the hospitalities

Frances Benjamin Johnston

FURNISHING THE SMALL APARTMENT

For the Woman Who Lives Alone in a Small Apartment, Vogue Suggests These Decorative Treatments for the Living-room and Bedroom

This painted black armchair with gold decorations and a cane seat would be excellent in the living-room of a small apartment; $40

THERE seems to be a constantly increasing demand these days, because of the many war-time changes, for the *garçonnière*, or small apartment. An exceptionally large number of women are living alone now, for, besides the women whose husbands are in the service, there is the ever-increasing number of professional women, since many women who have never considered going into business before have made their début in the business world since America has gone into the war.

To meet the demand thus created for smaller dwellings, many old New York residences have been reconstructed and changed into small apartments, and frequently the question arises as to the best method of decorating apartments of this type. With this problem in mind, we have planned a living-room and bedroom for a woman living alone, selecting the furniture and decorations with infinite care. These suggestions will, we think, be helpful, as all the articles illustrated are actually available in the New York shops.

CHOOSING THE LIVING-ROOM FURNITURE

In considering the many schemes for the living-room, a variety of colour combinations presented themselves, any of which may easily be substituted, if desired, for the one finally decided upon. We have assumed that the apartment owners, as is usually the case, will allow the decorator to choose the colour for the background, and, in this instance, the palest shade of delicate grey green was selected for the walls and the dark walnut for the floors; or the walls might be the warmest grey with darker grey rubbed into the mouldings. Something of the spirit of the 18th century is visible in the mise-en-scène, yet it has not been planned to make it in any sense a period room, but simply to infuse into it some of the restfulness and individuality of that distinguished time.

The real inspiration for the room was the little settee chosen for the living-room, for its graceful curves have obviously more distinction than the ordinary davenport. It is very well made with a thick, soft, down cushion and a carved mahogany frame of Louis XVI design. This could be used at one side of the fireplace, covered with heavy, yellow, lustreless taffeta, and completed with small shirred cushions of the grey green taffeta. The same yellow taffeta is to be used at the windows for over-curtains, with a straight valance guiltless of any trimming. The under-curtains are to be of cream coloured net, with a wide hem.

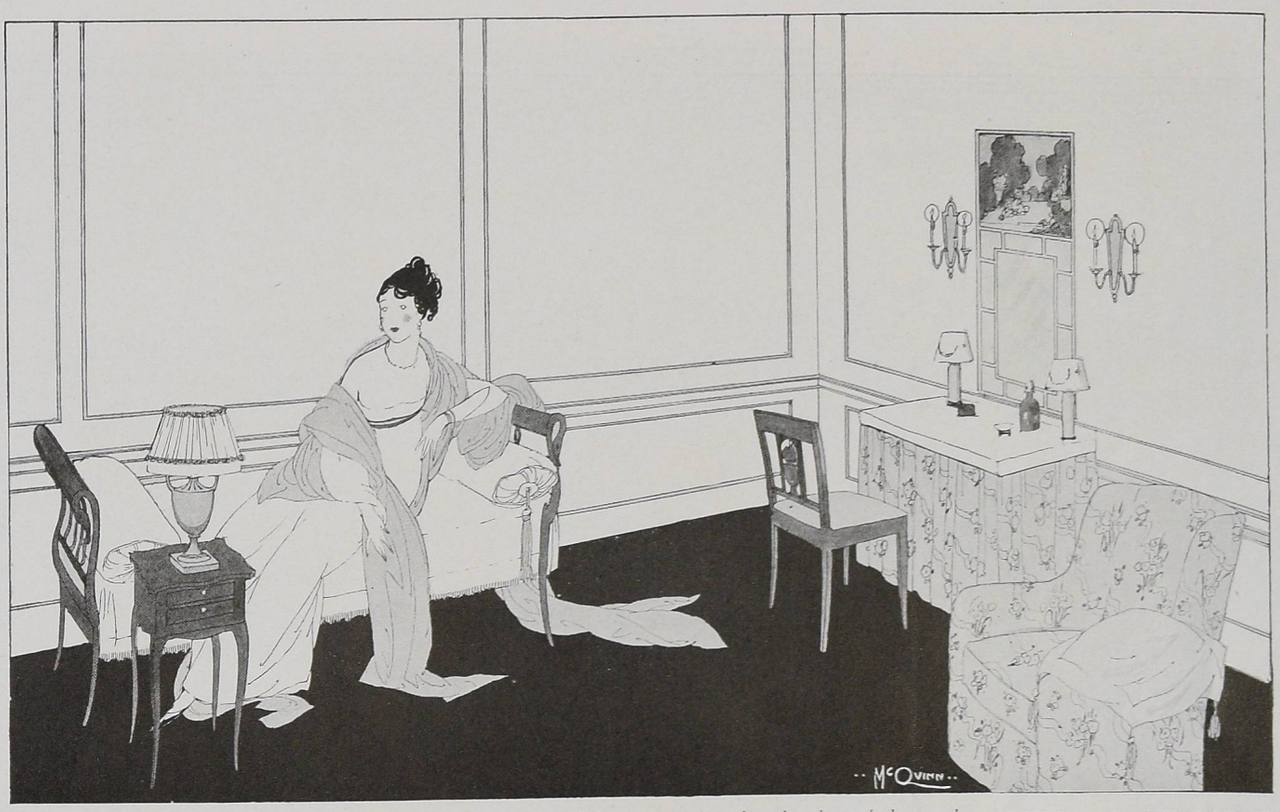
Opposite the little settee is placed a small but comfortable armchair covered in printed linen of particularly lovely design—pastoral scenes in delicate mauve on a natural linen ground. This same chintz with its quiet scenes is used on the threefold screen in back of the little settee. The small fat stool, the most comfortable down-cushioned affair imaginable, has a green and yellow striped fabric on it and completes the fireside group with the exception of the essential small tables and lamps.

One of these tables is a tiny Queen Anne walnut piece of graceful design with delicate inlay. The other is also of walnut, oval, with lyre-shaped supports and gilt decoration. This little table is just about the right size, when opened, to hold the afternoon tea-tray comfortably. It ingeniously turns its top, which divides into two flaps, so that the table becomes a narrow rectangle when not in use. The urn-shaped lamps are both of tin, painted a pale yellow and banded in faded blue, and these have painted lamp shades with grisaille

(*Continued on page 82*)

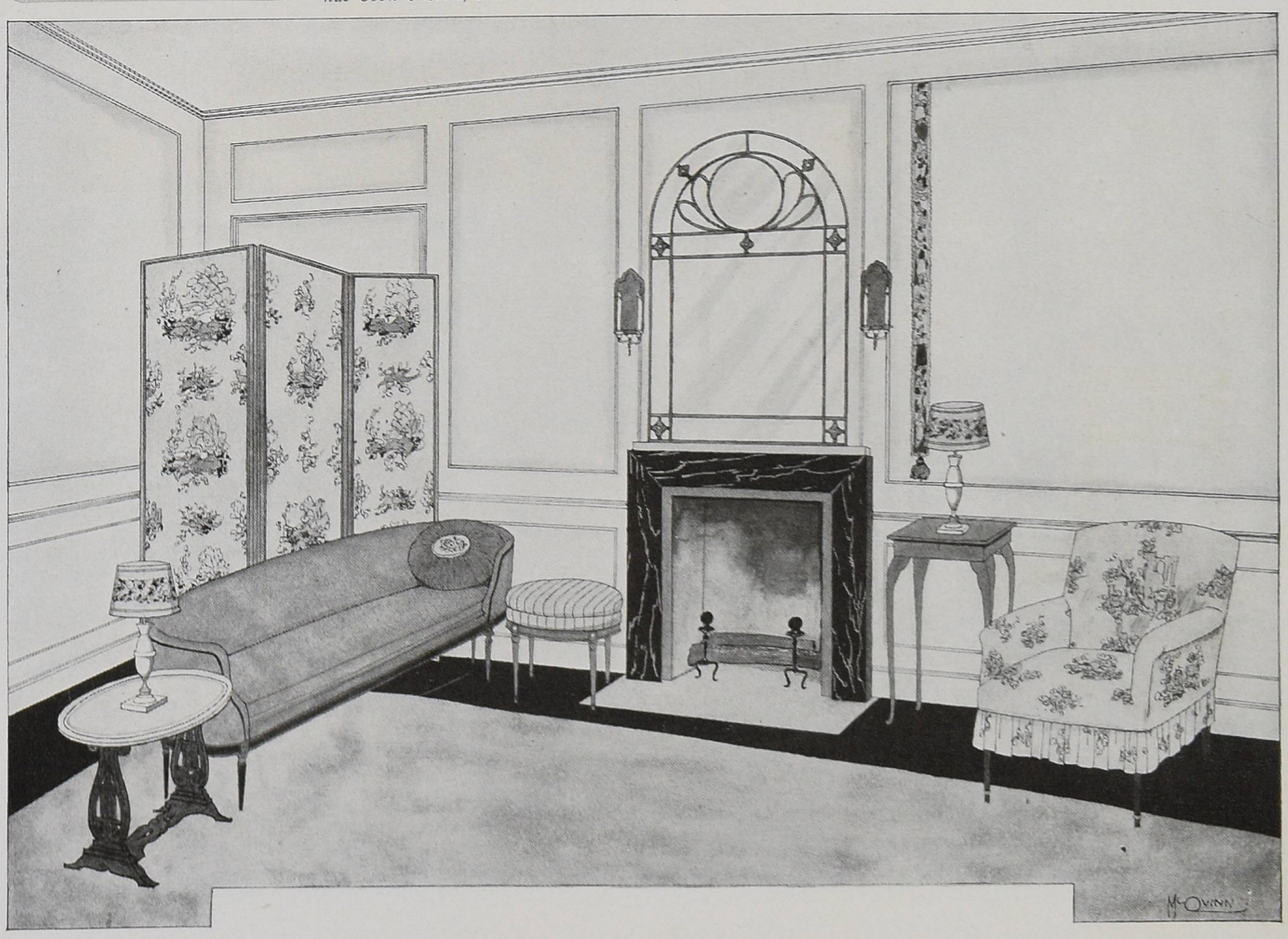
An Italian commode would not only be decorative, but, since the living-room is also the dining-room, would be very useful to hold flat silver and table linen

A walnut stained Italian desk-chair offers an alternative to the painted furniture so prevalent of late years; $25



The fat armchair at the right takes the place of the usual "chaise longue" for which there is scarcely space in the bedroom of a small apartment. The bedroom chintz shown below at the right is printed in pale rose flowers and has a fawn coloured ribbon winding through a pale grey ground; $4.10 a yard. The day-bed is especially graceful

The living-room has been treated with the idea of giving a restful effect of space. The other end of it is shown on the opposite page. For the screen and the armchair a chintz with pastoral scenes in mauve on a linen ground has been chosen, and is shown at the left; $2.10 a yard



Tebbs

A LIBRARY IN THE MANNER OF THE REGENCY

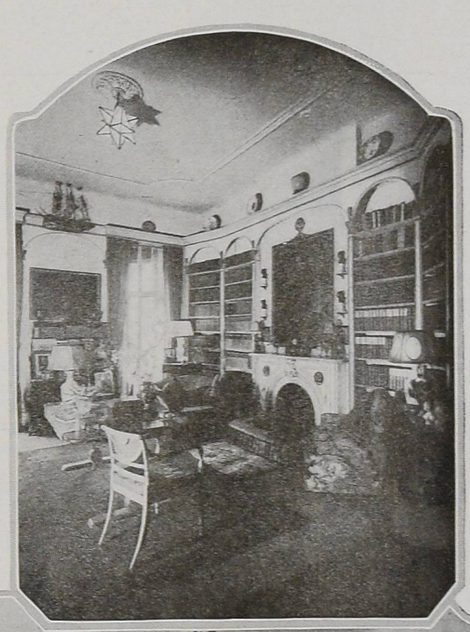
The style of the Regency is of softer grace than the classicism which preceded it. It is an agreeable combination of straight lines and curves with tasteful but restrained ornamentation. That it was a livable mode can be witnessed from this modern library in the residence of A. J. Rogers, Esq., New York City. The walls are paneled in French walnut. Trowbridge & Livingston, architects

A LIBRARY *in* WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK

Decorated by KARL FREUND
(Zodiac, Inc.)

Fairchild

It is very much the sort of room we have all dreamed of having, with plenty of space for our cherished books and a background worthy of them. The furniture is covered in old chintz. A star-shaped lantern from Italy is the ceiling light



The woodwork is old white, with embellishments of blue and crimson on pilasters and capitals. Arched top shelves have been built in on every available wall space. An old sailing ship on the south end of the room is a quaint and artistic touch. Midway down one wall a niche holds a bust of Voltaire

The door leading into the living room is made of a Chinese screen in blue and yellow. The 16th Century Italian table is filled with an interesting mélange of books, flowers and photographs, which give the room an air of livableness and personality. A quaint chintz-covered fireside seat is a final touch of comfort

SEEN *on the* STAGE

War Is the Subject Which Now Intrigues Playwrights

By CLAYTON HAMILTON

Abbe

Everybody knew that Fay Bainter was a charming actress, but "The Kiss Burglar" discovered her as a musical comedy star

©Beidler

Blanche Yurka does a fine bit of acting in "Allegiance," by Prince and Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy (Amélie Rives)

Campbell

Regina Wallace plays the girl in "Friendly Enemies," a war play with the loyalty of Americanized Germans as its central interest

Ira L. Hill

Grace Carlyle plays the leading woman's rôle in "The Blue Pearl," which opened the Longacre Theatre this season

ONE of the wonders of the world is the new great spirit that has been developed in this country under duress of the war. We have ample reason to be proud of our practical achievements in the last year and a half. In April, 1917, when we tardily acknowledged that the Imperial German Government was waging war against us, we had no army, as troops are counted nowadays; yet, in less than eighteen months, we have levied, trained, transported, and equipped an army of two million men, now fighting gallantly a quarter of the world away and assuring the enemy at every stroke that other millions from America will come across more quickly. In April, 1917, we had no mercantile marine, as ships are counted nowadays; yet, already, we are launching in one month more tonnage than we used to launch in any year before the war. But these and many other practical accomplishments might have been expected logically from a people long accustomed to carry out commercial undertakings on a monumental scale. What could not reasonably have been prophesied and may therefore be regarded as a theme for wonderment is the development, within so brief a period of time, of a national spirit almost unexampled in poetic elevation and religious earnestness.

A NATIONAL CHANGE OF HEART

When the Huns broke loose in Europe, in August, 1914, we were pitifully unprepared for war; and, despite the warnings of several of our leading citizens who happened also, by virtue of a wide experience, to be citizens of the world, we persisted in our policy of unpreparedness for more than two years and a half. To the world at large, and even to ourselves, we appeared to be lacking in "guts"—if a commentator may employ a venerable Anglo-Saxon word that was frequently used in conversation by so exquisite a poet as Lord Tennyson. When the Belgians died at Liège for an idea, we told ourselves that it was our duty to maintain neutrality of thought and sentiment between right and wrong. When the Cathedral of Rheims was bombarded without military reason, we told ourselves that a cathedral was only a building and that Rheims was three thousand miles away. When one thousand one hundred and ninety-eight non-combatant passengers on the Lusitania—including many women, children, and babies from America—were violently sent to "visit the bottom of the monstrous world," we told ourselves that we were too proud to fight. For nearly three years, we seemed not only to lack guts but to lack, as well, an ordinary feeling for morality. In this respect, we were psychologically unprepared for the crisis that was coming to us; for it must always be remembered that modern wars are won, not by a preponderance of men, nor even by a preponderance of machinery, but by that spiritual asset which is defined by military critics as a preponderance of morale.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY

Throughout his first administration, President Wilson prided himself upon the theory that he ought to be a follower, and not a leader, of the public. He "kept his ear to the ground"; and, listening attentively, he decided, at the moment, that the American people knew nothing of the scrap of paper which had guaranteed by solemn contract the immunity of Belgium, felt nothing in regard to so poetical a matter as the sanctity of Rheims Cathedral, and cared comparatively little about the babies of the Lusitania. In the third instance, it may now be said with certainty that he underestimated, at the moment, the suddenly awakened power of the moral indignation of our public. Yet, from the political point of view, his policy of "watchful waiting" had been astutely formulated. Its purpose, as a well considered piece of pragmatism, was indicated clearly when the President was proposed for re-election on a platform whose chief plank assured our citizens that he had "kept us out of war." It is now apparent that the dangerously heavy vote against him

was occasioned by that very plank; but, at the moment, the party in power judged the country to be pacifistic. Before the votes were cast on the first Tuesday of November, 1916, Mr. Wilson knew that war was unavoidable; yet, at that time, he underestimated the reaction of the public to such an extent that he seemed to be afraid to take the country into his confidence.

This opinion of the facts is not expressed with any purpose to criticize our President adversely. His theory that it was not his duty to lead the public into war, but rather to wait at any cost until the public forced him to take the epoch-making step, was idealistically sound; and, if he erred at any point, it was only that, in following the public, he waited over-long and allowed himself to be outdistanced by the nation. In keeping his ear to the ground, he accepted the estimate of the American people that was currently reported at the time.

THE HEROIC MOOD

Yet, so soon as an admission of a state of war had tardily been passed by Congress, our people proceeded immediately to surprise the President, to surprise both supporters and opponents of his policy of watchful waiting, and to surprise the world at large, by the exhibition of a moral unanimity of spirit and exaltation of mood that was absolutely unexpected. Our noisy pacifists and obstreperous pro-Germans ceased suddenly from troubling. We adopted conscription without argument, accepted unprecedented taxes without protest, and loaned all our ready money to the Government with manifest enthusiasm. Two millions of our drafted youths accepted their immediate selection for service as an honour and a privilege; our millionaires closed out their own affairs and went to work at a dollar a year; and our poorest citizens began at once to save their money for the purpose of buying Liberty Bonds and War Savings Stamps. This quick reaction to an instant need —unexpected as it was tremendous—proved at once that this country had been, for many years, not dead but only sleeping and had been misjudged and underestimated, both by those who loved her most and by those who loved her least.

When war was declared, the ill-considered prophesy of the pacifistic Mr. Bryan was almost literally realized; for millions of people seemed to spring, in spirit, to the colours over night. This reaction did not, by any means, result from a mere resurgence of that ancient incentive of nationality, or "patriotism," which has logically been decried, in recent generations, by the advocates of the newer and larger sentiment of inter-nationalism. It resulted from a sudden cognizance, made common by some miracle in a single moment to a hundred million people, that the purpose of this war was, in the inspired phrase of Matthew Arnold, to "make reason and the will of God prevail."

History holds no precedent for the motive of the United States in entering this war. Alone among the warring nations, we have absolutely nothing to gain from the completest victory. The war was launched by Germany and Austria because they were greedy for gain, and these powers were subsequently joined by Turkey and Bulgaria because of their ambitions for aggrandizement. On our side, Serbia went to war to defend her national existence; Russia went to war to protect a minor Slavic state and to prevent a drastic tilting of the balance of power against the Slavs in Eastern Europe; France went to war in response to the requirements of her treaty with Russia and also to a more insistent need to defend her borders against an aggressive neighbor that had previously robbed her of Alsace-Lorraine; Belgium went to war upon a point of honour, to defend her national integrity; England went to war because of her guarantee to Belgium and because her own position would have been endangered if Germany had been permitted to trample over France;

(Continued on page 85)

Baron de Meyer

Mme. Yorska, whose charming personality is as well known to the American theatre as to the French, is another actress who is deserting the stage for the screen. Her plans for the next two years include a trip to the South Seas, where she will make some unusual pictures based on ancient Biblical stories

Alice Boughton

Virginia Fox Brooks is the talented actress who does several interesting bits in the "Passing Show of 1918," a musical production in two acts and thirteen scenes (one of which shows the bombing of London by aircraft in a highly realistic manner), and deservedly called the "big extravaganza"

ESTELLE WINWOOD

Soon to appear here in the leading rôle in Arnold Bennett's "Helen with the High Hand," a comedy the production of which represents the first of Adolph Klauber's activities as an independent producer. The combination of Mr. Bennett, Miss Winwood and Mr. Klauber augurs an all-Winter run for the comedy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLOTTE FAIRCHILD

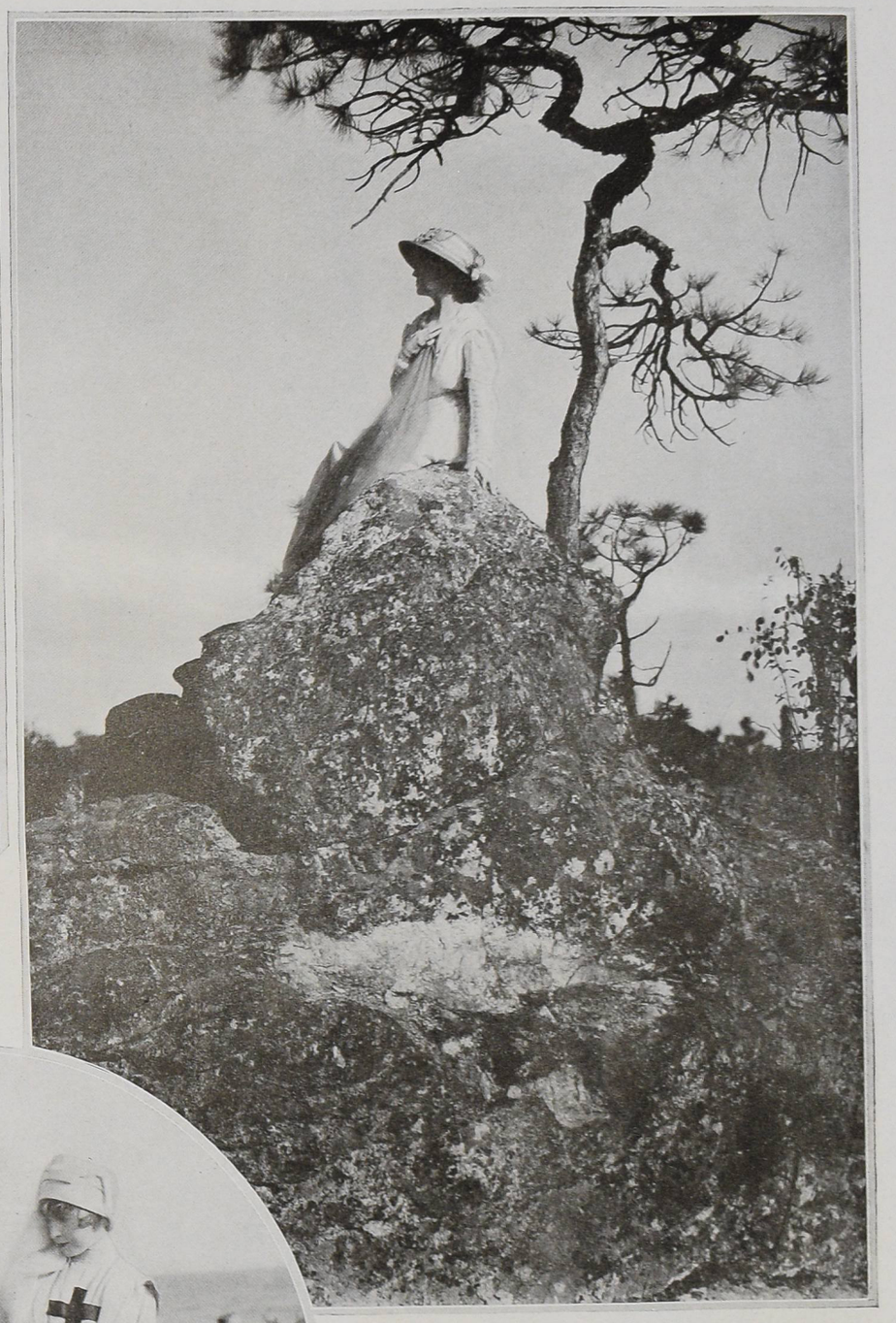
Ethel Barrymore will return in the Autumn to the legitimate drama, where, personally, we long to have her star permanently. She has been spending the Summer in the Metro's movie studios, where she has recently—and praise be to Allah!—created a film version of "Our Mrs. McChesney"

Julia Sanderson is the latest lamb to join the C. B. Dillingham flock. Under the guidance of so gifted a shepherd, she ought to find little difficulty in making "Take It from Me" the most popular musical comedy of the Winter, especially with Doyle and Dixon, and Clifton Crawford to help her

Stars in the Winter's Sky

Broadway Is Soon to Welcome Three of Its Major Favorites

Billie Burke who, yielding to the cry of "Back to the land," is at present creating an out-of-door film entitled "In Pursuit of Polly." The picture will be released a few days after our anxious readers have perused and digested this caption. Good luck to it—and to its star!



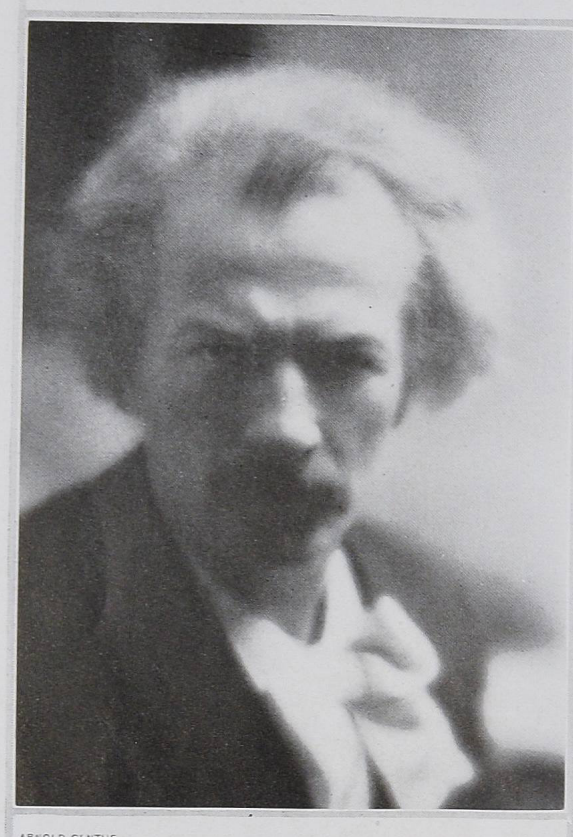
Here is a portrait of Florence Turner, who was originally featured as "The Vitagraph Girl" and as such was known and loved all over the world. She is here shown on the summit of Mt. Spokane, in Washington, where she is completing—along with Tyrone Power—a moving picture drama to be released in New York, by the Washington Motion Picture Corporation, in the near future

Here is Lilian Gish, the heroine of "Hearts of the World"; likewise, the hero of it—Robert Harron. They are shown in a new picture, which Mr. Griffith is about to release, entitled "The Great Love." It was in this moving picture play that Lady Diana Manners, Miss Violet Asquith, Queen Alexandra, and several other notable English women consented to assume minor rôles at the earnest behest of Mr. Griffith

"Back to the Land"

Seems Now to Be the Watchword in the Movies

We Nominate for the Hall of Fame:



ARNOLD GENTHE

IGNACE PADEREWSKI

Because he was for a great many years the most conspicuous pianist in the world; because he is one of the best living bridge players; but, chiefly, because, since the war started, he has dedicated his means, his talents, and his energies to the welfare of the destitute people of his native Poland

WHITE

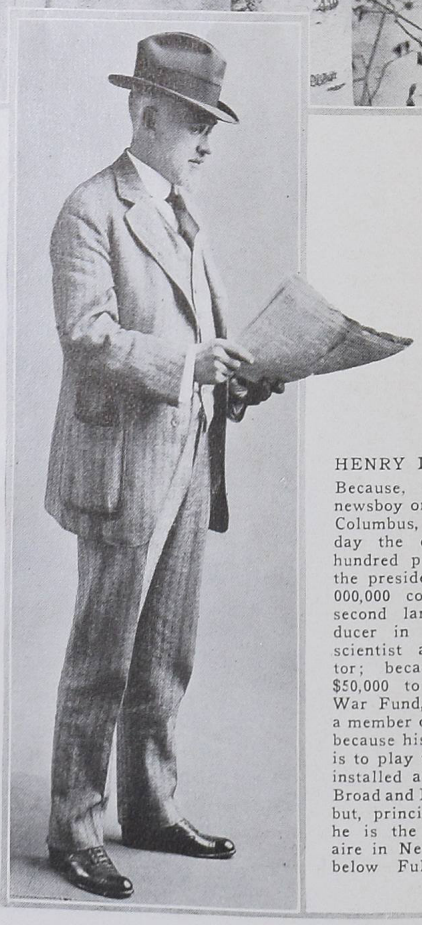
ELSIE JANIS

Because, for twenty years, she has been one of our best little gloom dispellers; because she is the ablest mimic on our stage; because she has preferred the society of her mother to that of any actual—or conceivable—suitor; because she has developed a type of dancing, which is inimitable and wholly her own; but chiefly, because, for the better part of a year, she has been in France, devoting her talents to the task of making our boys in France forget for a while the existence of the firm of Hohenzollern, Hindenburg, and Hun

DE WITT C. WARD

J. ALDEN WEIR

Because he is one of the commanding figures in American art; because he has always painted exactly what he liked, and refused to accept success otherwise; because he is the president of the Academy; because this relief portrait of him is by his friend, John Flanagan; but, chiefly, because, for the past 66 years, he has been an ardent American



HENRY L. DOHERTY

Because, starting as a newsboy on the streets of Columbus, Ohio, he is today the owner of two hundred public utilities, the president of a $150,000,000 corporation, the second largest oil producer in the world, a scientist and an inventor; because he gave $50,000 to the Catholic War Fund, although not a member of that church; because his notion of fun is to play the pipe organ installed at his home at Broad and Bridge Streets; but, principally, because he is the only millionaire in New York living below Fulton Street

Germany's Coming Peace Offer

Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine, African Colonies and an Indemnity for the East

By J. B. W. GARDINER

IN a recent issue of Vogue I stated—in an article on Russia—that the question for America to decide was whether we should intervene—or *lose the war.* I persist that we must either abandon the fatuous policy, which proved so unavailing in Mexico—the do-nothing policy of watchful waiting—or else make a German peace.

It is my purpose in the following article to show, by reference to the events which transpired during the month of July, what is Germany's plan, to indicate the German line of reasoning; and to prove that Germany's conclusions are correct and will be borne out by results, unless we adopt the proper measures to checkmate them.

For a month prior to July 15, the German High Command was planning for a fresh offensive in France. On July 15 the storm broke. But where? Not in Flanders, where Germany had bitten deep into the British lines in an attempt to reach Calais; not along the Somme, where Germany had previously driven westward forty-two miles in an effort to reach, first, Amiens, and then Abbeville at the river's month; not along the Ourcq, where they had beaten their way from the Ailette Valley to the Marne in an attempt to reach Paris; but on an entirely new front—the front of Chateau-Thierry.

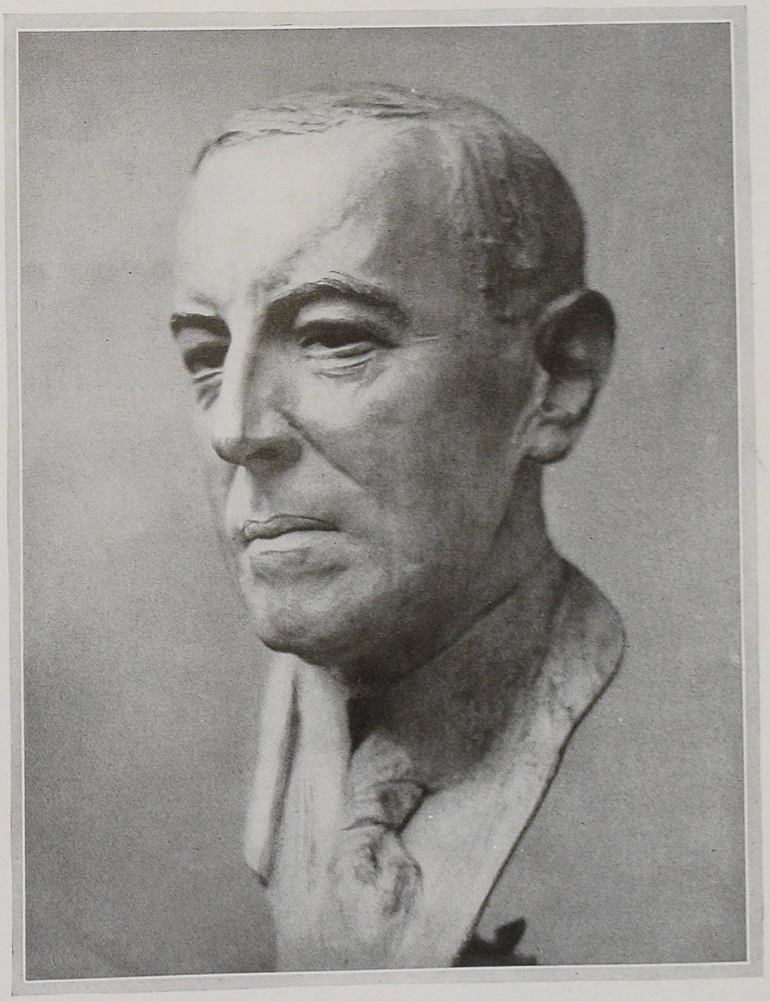
JUST why was this particular front chosen? This is one of the most important questions of the entire war. A successful attack anywhere between Nieuport, on the Belgian coast, and Montdidier would have landed the Germans on the French coast, cut the British and French apart and would have won—and this is the only way Germany could win—the war. This was freely admitted and frequently pointed out by the German press itself, between March 21 and April 15.

A successful attack anywhere East of Rheims would take Rheims — which, however, is of no military value —would take Verdun through an enveloping operation, and would flank the entire American and French line along the Alsace-Lorraine frontier, capturing a great number of prisoners, most of whom, because of the difficulties of a retreat, probably would be Americans. This would be a very considerable result, it is true. But it would not end the war. It would not bring this end one day nearer. But these were the two alternatives presented to the German General Staff; to strike for victory on a previous battlefield, or to try to occupy further areas of French territory.

IN reaching a decision, there was but one factor for their General Staff to consider. What was the relative strength of Germany and of the Allies along the north and south portion of the front? Did their own forces possess sufficient strength to recapture the Allied line, force their way along the Somme to Abbeville and still have, on arrival, enough fighting strength to defeat first the British and then the French in detail? In other words, could they reach their objective without having to pay a prohibitive price?

We have the answer in the location of the last attack. This in itself is an admission of defeat. It is an admission of complete inability to accomplish the ambitious programme undertaken in March, and is, therefore, the first step towards a peace offensive. Germany's plan is now evident to all. Her leaders hoped to gain the results already mentioned as possible, through a Champagne offensive. Having obtained this, they would hold the Allies off until Fall, construct a new "Hindenburg Line" on their new front, and invite the Allies to break their strength against it.

WHILE this was going on, the real peace offensive, flowing through the poisoned channels of German propaganda, would be launched. The latter part of the programme was, however, in no sense dependent upon success in the Champagne attack. Such successes would make the peace offensive more effective. Germany would, so to speak, have a much larger peg on which to hang it. The more territory France had lost, the more willing she would be to listen; and, as a corollary, the more Germany had to give, the more she could buy with it.



© VAN DER WEYDE

Bronze bust of President Wilson. This is the final form of Joe Davidson's portrait bust, made at the White House, and now in its final form cast in bronze and ready to send to the Luxemburg in Paris

The general tenor of the German peace offer is not difficult to divine. Its psychology is roughly as follows:

THE Allies have had a terrible year. Since the 21st of March they have been beaten, and driven from pillar to post. Great Britain has lost hundreds of thousands of men; France, while not bled to the same extent in man power, has lost hundreds of square miles of territory, which in the end would be devastated just as was the land in the Noyon salient in 1916. Would not these people who have suffered so be willing to listen to the voice of peace? The mere idea of another German offensive this year was sufficient to make the Allies tremble. See how their nerves were shattered in the intervals between the drives this year! What if the same prospect were to face them next year?

Here steps in the great conqueror, coming forth in true generosity, offering them a cessation of war, and magnanimous terms. He forgets that he fouls whatever he touches; that his hands are dripping red with the blood of innocent children and defenseless women; that his soul is stained black with every crime men can imagine and devise. All this is forgotten, in the wave of self-righteousness that sweeps over this generous conqueror.

And yet, perhaps, he argues not without some reason. His terms will be flattering, and their acceptance will save billions of treasure and rivers of blood. What these terms are we already know, since the first of the propaganda venom has leaked out. It slipped from the lips of Count von Hertling, the German Imperial Chancellor, in a statement made to the (*Continued on page 88*)

This black hen carrier pigeon, owned by A. S. Vincent of New York, has the remarkable flying record of six hundred miles between 5:20 A. M. and 7:40 P. M. Two weeks before this flight she flew 500 miles in a day

The appropriate name of "Dreadnought" has been given to this carrier pigeon, which has brought in many life-saving messages on military duty with the British forces in the fields of France and of stricken Belgium

Pigeons released from aeroplanes and seaplanes in this manner have saved many lives. One bird, with a message from four air-men who came down into the sea, died from exhaustion after arriving at its destination

BROWN BROTHERS

American officers are here seen releasing carrier pigeons in the trenches in France. The birds have done splendid work in the present drive and the latest Hun offensive

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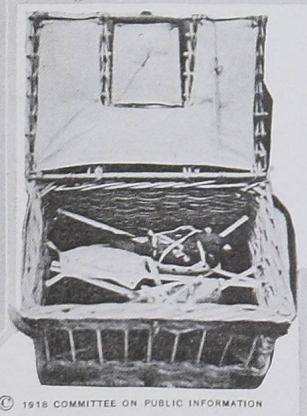
LEVICK

A new container for carrier pigeons, devised by August de Corte, a Belgian residing here, is here illustrated. The cage, writing tablet, pencil, and message, hanging from the bird's breast by a harness which is fastened about its body, may be seen



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This illustrates the method of carrying carrier pigeons on active war duty. They are secured in a basket by elastic bands to prevent undue jars

This shows an aluminum message holder and the way in which it is attached to the leg of the carrier pigeon

Feathered Heroes That Fly for the Allies

MANY lives have been saved by carrier pigeons in the service of our Allies and our own armies. One of the important rôles in the recent Champagne fighting, which turned the German offensive into a complete retreat, was played by carrier pigeons in the service of the French. These birds often brought succor to advanced posts otherwise cut off. Thousands of homing pigeons are being bought by the United States government and sent to France where they receive final instruction. At the various camps of the Signal Corps in this country, a large staff of men are receiving the necessary teaching in the handling of the pigeons.

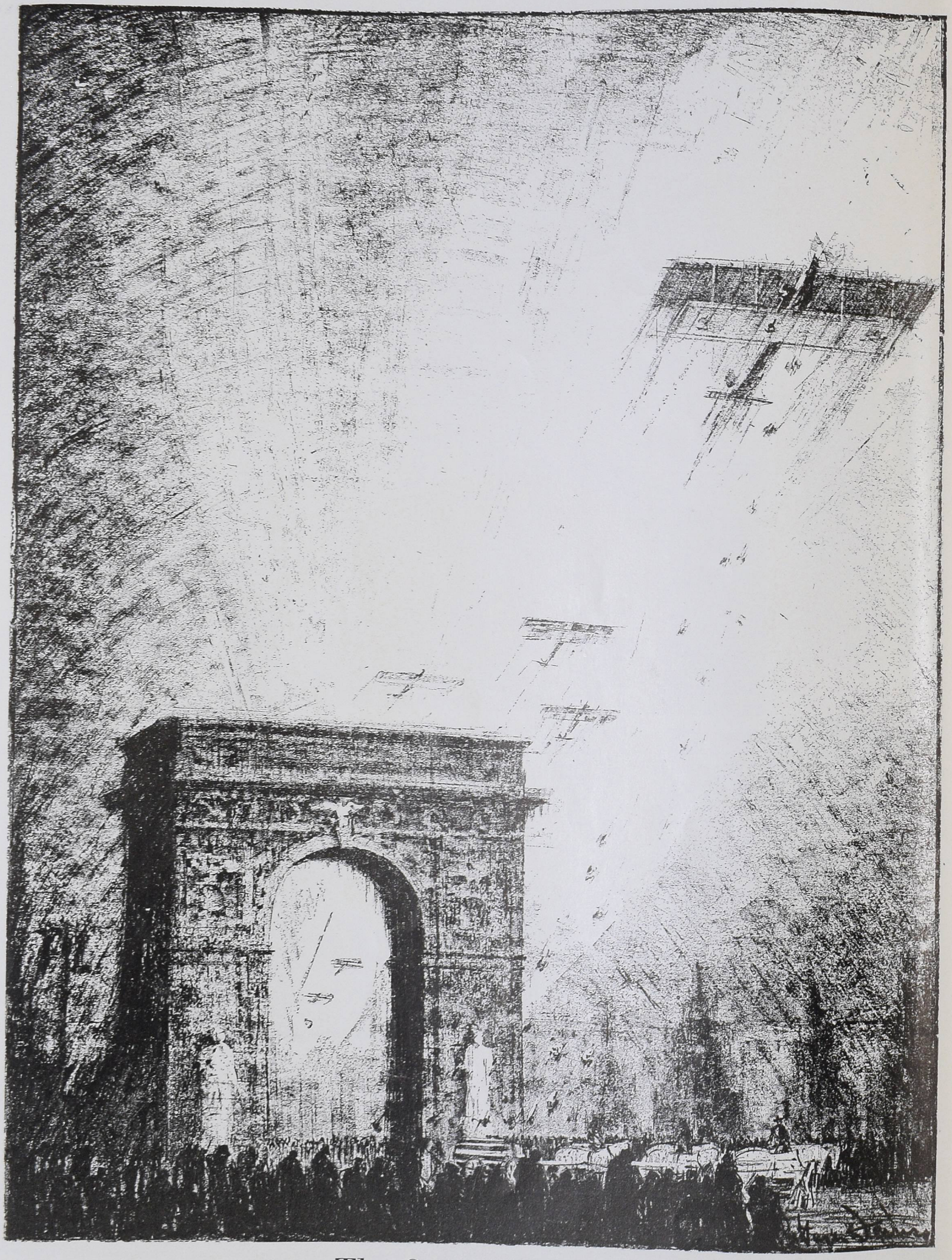
A biplane, coming down from an observation trip over the German lines, silhouetted against the sunset as it swoops to earth

Looking down upon the checker-board landscape of Northern France from an airplane, three thousand feet above the surface, through a rift in the cloud banks like a snowy atol of the sea

The upper side of a cloud bank. The dark streak, slanting across the right of the picture, is a wire stay of the airplane; its apparent breadth due to its motion across the lens during the exposure

Behind the Clouds—in France

USUALLY, in making photographs from aeroplanes, the observer endeavors to keep clouds out of his picture, just as any earthly kodaker usually tries to keep casual passers-by on the street from walking across his lens just as he presses the button. But Capt. Harry A. Wilsdon, of the British Royal Flying Corps, after making many photographs over the enemy lines, of trenches and back areas and ammunition dumps, found that he could not resist occasionally making pictures of the wonderful cloud effects which none but aviators are ever privileged to witness. These photographs were made on the French front last Spring. Capt. Wilsdon is now in America, acting as instructor at the United States Army school of Aerial Photography, at Rochester. Photographing from airplanes has become one of the most important branches of the intelligence work of modern armies. By comparing pictures of the same locality taken on different days, it is frequently possible to detect and counteract important places of the enemy. This accounts, in part, for the elimination of surprise from modern war.



The Seraphim of War

Scattering Flowers Along the Path of the Last Long March

Sketched by Hugh Ferriss as the Funeral Procession of Major Mitchel Passed Under the Washington Arch

Light on Russia and the Russians

M. Fedor Gladigotoff Explains the Situation, in a Nut Shell

By C. M. FRANCIS

"THERE is no prejudice in Russia against Americans," said M. Gladigotoff, "but there is almost universal regret at the American failure to understand the Russian character and the nature of Russia's aims. The Russian is not to be judged by your Occidental standards. You speak of the motives of this or that person, or group of persons, as if to distinguish them thereby. Ah, if you could but realize that there are no dominant motives in the Russian character.

"The key to the Russian character is its inner freedom, its mysticism, if you will; which resents the tyranny of definition and refuses to be bound by one motive to the exclusion of another, or to reject one thought merely because it is incompatible with another thought entertained at the same time.

"AMERICANS in Russia made the grave mistake of asking Russians what they wanted. Members of the American commission left a most unfavorable impression on that account. A Russian would not even ask himself that question. Nothing is more repugnant to his view of mental liberty than such attempts to pin him down. 'The soul is a river,' said the poet Bimbatieff. Deep down in the Russian spirit is the twilight of dubiety inherited from age-long brooding on the steppes, and there can be no clear conception of the combined simplicity and complexity of the Russian character that does not grasp this fact.

"And, just there, is the fatal mistake of almost every Western observer. He will say of a Russian that he holds an opinion, or its opposite, whereas the Russian, in the profoundest sense, holds both an opinion *and* its opposite.

"There is a Menshevik in every Bolshevik.

"There is a Bolshevik in every Menshevik.

"I have known many Russians to go to their death for a principle when they were just as firmly convinced of its converse. Western nations never seem to realize this two-fold tenacity of the Russian soul. It accounts largely for the failure of the Allied diplomacy.

"THEN it must never be forgotten that the words 'brotherhood of man' take on, with the Russian, a peculiar significance. They are no mere phrase; they are a reality of his religion. Western peoples have no idea how passionately he feels the bond of our common humanity or how violently he insists that others shall feel it.

"Brotherly love to the Russian is higher than life itself. One Russian will often kill another who has shown himself lacking in brotherly love. Murders take place out of sheer devotion to the ideal of brotherhood, the murderer feeling as a brother toward the victim, but suspecting that the victim did not feel as a brother toward him.

"It explains the killing of those thousands upon thousands of officers by their soldiers. The troops had nothing against the officers. On the contrary, they loved them; for the officers almost always treated them well, and the Russian soldier is singularly susceptible to gratitude. In depth of tenderness the Russian private soldier is not surpassed by any soldier in the world.

"But the officers, though outwardly kind, were suspected of holding unsound views on the subject of the universal obligation of human fraternity. They were killed in the spirit of brotherhood, lest in the future they might not be brotherly enough.

"KINDNESS, gentleness and docility are at the bottom of the Russian character. So deeply are they attached to these qualities that they will go to any lengths—even to pillage and murder—against people who seem not to have them to the requisite degree. The Western mind must not misjudge these atrocities. They are deplorable, of course, but they have their origin in the proverbial sweetness of the Russian disposition, its naïveté, subtlety, profound idealism, and irresponsible gaiety. The Western mind will never attain a true conception of the Russian character, so long as it persists in its misunderstanding of murder.

SCOTT & FOWLES

PLAYING THE MARSEILLAISE

A statue by Eli Nadelman which has created, of late, no end of comment among critics and lovers of art

"AS to the situation of the last few months, it must be remembered that the government is not, in the Western sense, a government, nor are recent political events in Russia to be regarded as political. Social and political life, in Russia, are one. The Federation of Soviets is a social executive. In one sense it may be regarded as consisting of self-appointed juntas. In another it may be said to rest, as no other government in the world has ever rested, on the will of the rank and file. It is the beginning of social democracy. The making of a pair of boots is as much a political act as the collection of taxes.

"Yet there is no social consciousness, but only class feeling. Social consciousness will come in time, unless thwarted by the manifest tendency toward autocracy.

"There is a reaction at the present time against the Soviets and a growing readiness to fight for middle class ideas, but this is held in check by the rapid spread of the hatred of the *bourgeoisie*.

"Russians realize that the overthrow of the Soviets would destroy the fruits of the class revolution, but at the same time they realize that unless the Soviets are overthrown the class revolution cannot bring forth any fruit at all. The paralysis of industry has firmly convinced them that the bourgeoisie and the 'intelligentsia' must be brought back—but to such an outcome of their long struggle and their sufferings they are inalterably opposed.

"This intertwining of the revolutionary and the counter-revolutionary motive in the same mind has become a marked trait in Russian psychology. The ardor with which he desires a stable government is exactly balanced by the ardor with which he desires no government at all. The Russian is an enthusiast but he is not a bigot. There is a broad inclusiveness to his desires corresponding to the vast horizons of his native land.

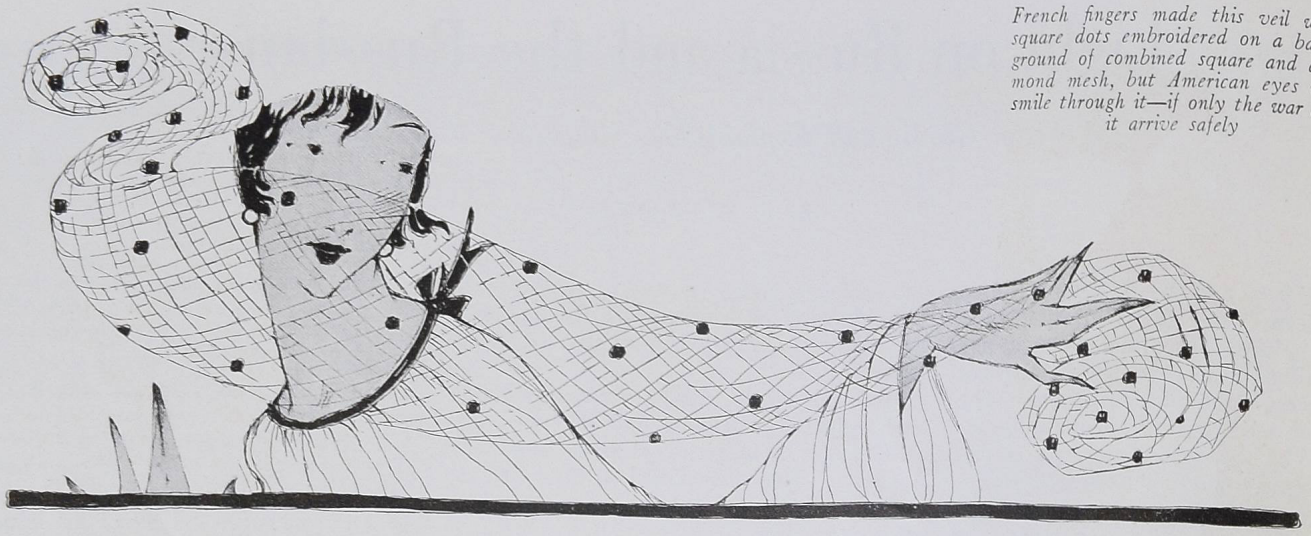
"I am very glad to have this opportunity of speaking on this subject to a representative of Vogue, Fair, for I think it may remove some misconceptions that have prevented a sympathetic understanding."

"Is it true," M. Gladigotoff was asked, "that the cadets, in combination with the Cossacks and Moderate Lefts, along with a part of the Red Guards in Finland, and the disaffected element in the Ukrainian Rada have taken Moscow, Omsk and Yekaterinoslav and have now set up a government under the dictatorship of General Korniloff, at Archangel?"

"IT is partly true," said M. Gladigotoff, "but centralization is not so apt to come about in that way as by the tendency toward decentralization which is now rapidly going on in the Soviets themselves and which, carried to extremes, will inevitably swing back to autocracy, which in turn (with that remorseless logic that can be plainly discerned in the whole course of events since the beginning of the revolution) will at once prepare the way for a new experiment in Particularism.

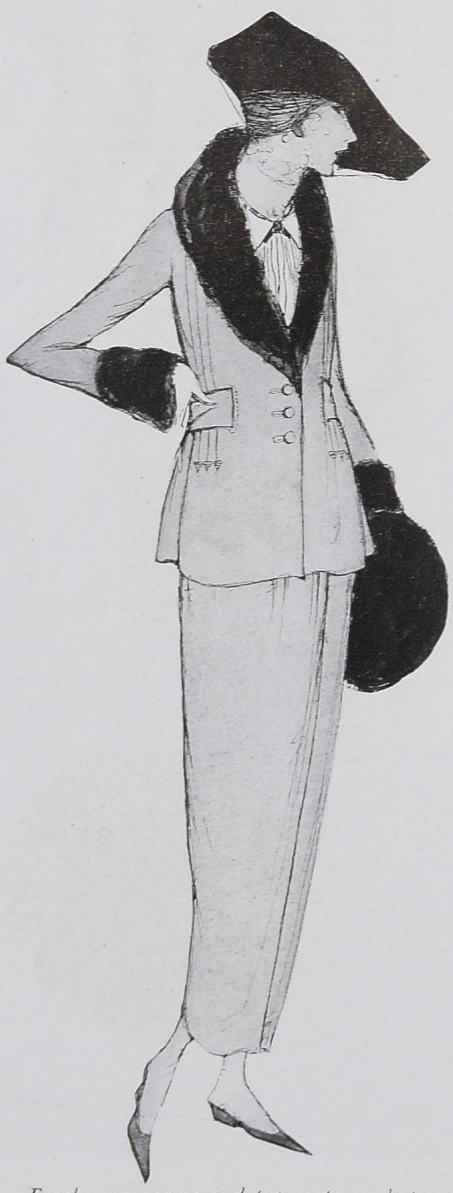
"Unless you bear this tendency in mind, you will become confused among the apparently conflicting details of the foreign despatches. There has already been too much confusion in the interpretation of Russian events by the press of the Entente Allies. To the Russian mind it seems unpardonable. I intend to devote every moment of my visit here to putting the Russian situation before the American public in a clearer light."

"But perhaps it might be wiser if Americans didn't think about Russia at all. Yes, on the whole, it might be wiser—far wiser."



French fingers made this veil with square dots embroidered on a background of combined square and diamond mesh, but American eyes will smile through it—if only the war lets it arrive safely

DRESSING ON A WAR INCOME



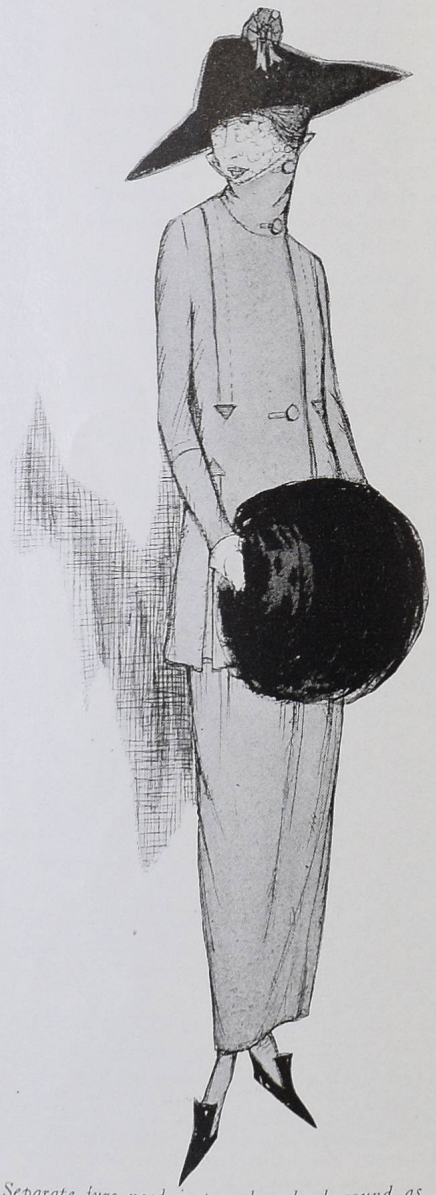
Frocks may come and top-coats go, but a well-tailored suit of this type goes on proving itself the best foundation for one's wardrobe

AFTER all that has been said and done about a new silhouette—a longer skirt and a tighter one, and a longer coat—the first suits and dresses appear to be much the same as those of last season. They are conservative to a degree, and the majority are of dark colours with odd bits of trimming. Straight and slim is the patriotic silhouette, and the greatest change by the American designers is a decided tendency toward longer skirts. Earliest indications point to the continued popularity of coats and one-piece dresses, a favoured combination of several seasons. This fashion is a true economy and especially so this year, as the white collar and cuffs are now omitted. Even the most elaborate dresses are collarless and cuffless, thereby saving laundry and, in turn, time. An added advantage is the fact that a cloth dress with a long top-coat naturally gives more warmth than the average tailored suit. It also offers greater variety. In fact, this is an altogether charming war-time fashion, and one which women will make use of for another season, at least.

THE USEFUL ONE-PIECE FROCK

Combinations of materials are delightful in a one-piece dress. A frock which makes use of this fact is shown at the upper right on page 76. It is of broadcloth in a deep burgundy shade combined with black satin. The dress is outlined with embroidery in a simple design done in fine rat-tail braid, and it fastens at one side. Broadcloth makes the coat effect, while the satin is made into a flat panel at the front. A narrow belt seems to hold the two parts together and runs over and under the front sections of the coat. The buttonholes are "Frenched" or bound, in the black satin, and the buttons are of the burgundy coloured broadcloth. In a design of this type an old material may be combined with a new one with excellent effect. The lack of white collar and cuffs in no way detracts from the attractiveness of the dress, as one can readily see from the sketch. However, if one prefers it, an extra collar may be added. A small dressmaker will copy this dress to order, well tailored in any one of several colours, for $75.

Another tailored frock at the same price, $75, is suggested in the sketch in the upper middle on page 76. It is of navy blue serge trimmed with the smartest trimming of the season, black silk



Separate furs need just such a background as this good looking and practical suit-for-all-occasions to make one appreciate them

The designer calls it a "first hat" for early autumn wear, but its style, material, and workmanship promise that it will be a late one, too

braid. Nothing could be simpler than the lines of this dress which slips on like a coat, if one cares to unfasten it all the way down the front. From a severe square neck, an extra section of the serge is braided, and this is outlined and softened by a picot-edged ruffle of écru coloured net. A belt of the serge with sections that are braided is used to confine the slight fulness. The sleeves are long and tight, and the whole effect is simple, severe, and youthful.

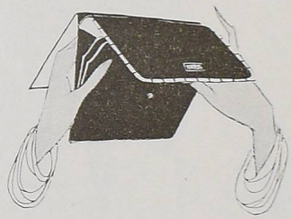
SUITS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Many women prefer the severe tailor-made suit, no matter what the fashion is, rather than the one-piece dress and coat. A very pretty model of this type of suit is shown in the sketch at the lower right on page 74. It is one of those styles which are so practical for all occasions and one that is generally becoming. It is suggested in a smoke grey velours with no trimming whatever, and it is obviously designed to be worn with separate furs. Although very simple, this suit is not too severe. The coat, built on straight lines, has a slight tendency to go in at the waist, caused by the two deep tucks on either shoulder, back and front, finished with embroidered arrows. The tucks in the skirt of the coat begin with the embroidered darts and end in open pleats. The coat buttons at the neck and the waist. A well-tailored skirt on a narrow yoke with slight fulness is shown with the coat. This is a practical model, hand-tailored, and will be made to order for $85.

A model that is made on lines that never go out of style is shown in the sketch at the lower left on page 74. The length of coat shown in this design is the length generally adopted by the American woman, who seldom goes to extremes in her tailored clothes. In this suit, especially designed for the young woman of slender figure, navy blue velveteen is used with a deep shawl collar and cuffs of grey squirrel. There is little fulness about this suit, and the little there is, is confined in narrow tucks which run from each shoulder to below the waist-line, under the belt, and are finished with embroidered arrows in blue silk. The belt runs around the back of the coat on a low waist-line and tucks under at either side of the front. The fur collar narrows where the coat fastens at the waist with velvet covered buttons. The perfectly plain skirt is untrimmed except for a deep tuck up the front. This suit as it is described, well-tailored in a fine quality of velveteen and trimmed with grey squirrel fur, is priced $110.

Fur is used in a number of new and amusing ways this year, and the separate waistcoat illustrated in the sketch at the upper left on page 76 shows quite the newest and smartest way of all. The suit is suggested in a dark green velveteen with a waistcoat of nutria in natural beaver shade. The design of this suit is a particularly practical one for the woman dressing on a war income, for in gabardine or velours with a waistcoat of linen, piqué, soft silk, or

From far-off France comes this cobwebby veil of two meshes combined under a diamond-shaped pattern of small chenille dots



This silver-trimmed purse of many pockets has that new old-fashioned air that so many of the newest accessories are striving to attain

Those wholly original pleats tucked under a silver disk make this bag newer than one dared expect a bag to be among so many competitors

crêpe de Chine, this suit could be worn into the early spring. The coat is entirely separate from the waistcoat and is quite straight and unbroken at the back. The front, however, is belted and fastens at one side with one large velvet button. The waistcoat is made with a satin back and the line of fastening runs to one side. Two sections make the skirt which opens at one side and has slight fulness over the hips. A very good quality of velveteen is used and the nutria, too, is of a fine quality. The workmanship and tailoring is excellent. Charming combinations of colour and fur may be had, and the approximate price is $135.

"FIRST HATS"

It is difficult to choose an appropriate hat for early autumn wear and especially in these days when everything is limited in number. One New York millinery shop, however, located on one of the side streets, makes a specialty of first hats. The designs are not only wearable, but also new and very charming. One can always find a wide variety of colours and of trimmings, and the prices are very reasonable considering the style and the workmanship. These first hats range in price from fifteen to twenty-five dollars. Others are shown at higher prices, but the majority may be had at these reasonable figures. The various styles shown on these pages are typical of those offered by this shop. The hat at the lower right on this page is a small close-fitting toque of terra cotta beaver with a thick rolled edge and a fancy of terra cotta feathers at the side front. This hat was inspired by one of the early French models and is actually an improvement on the original. It may also be had in navy blue, green, or black. The price is $25.

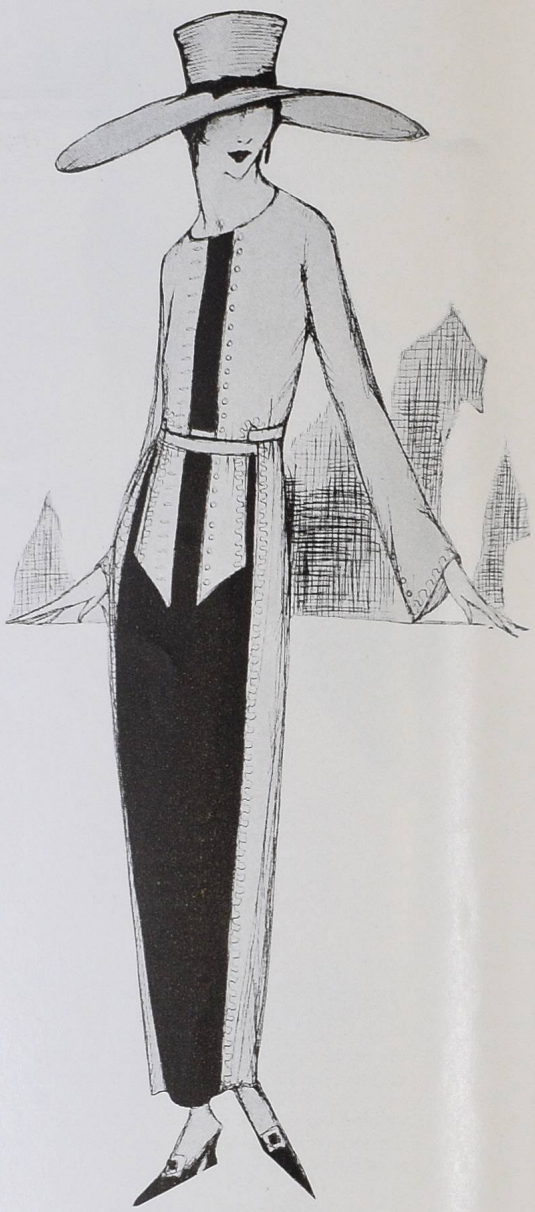
A close up-turned turban in black satin antique, shown in the sketch in the lower middle on page 76, is faced with short curled strands of the popular ostrich, which lie in a feathery fur-like mass across the front of the hat. The turned-up section of the front and the turned-up section at the back meet in points at either side, and these points are slit open, showing a semi-deep straight crown. For wear with the first tailored suit or dress this hat is an excellent design. It is small and chic and will take any type of veiling. Such a hat is smart enough for an afternoon occasion and simple enough for early morning wear. It may be purchased for $25. A hat that might be termed military in shape, were it not so feminine, is of black velvet and is sketched at the upper left on this page. The effect is three-cornered, although there are four sides, and in each point of the brim are small curled ostrich tips running from the edge to the top of the brim and curling over. This hat fits the head closely and is a practical design for all-season wear and for all occasions. It is priced at $25.

A bag that is really new and a happy relief from the draped affairs that we have used for the past two or three seasons is shown in navy blue faille and sketched in the lower middle on

This little hat took all the best points from a French model, added some of its own, and announced itself ready for the first autumn days

"Fur" and "waistcoats" are two important words in the autumn fashion vocabulary, and a fur waistcoat, on a suit, has all the prestige of both

Of course, almost everybody knows that a smart blue serge frock is the "Lady from Philadelphia" of a well-dressed woman's wardrobe



The combination of satin and wool stuffs, the absence of collar, and the long skirt are all reasons for inviting this smart frock into one's wardrobe

page 75. The silk lies in soft pleats that narrow into a central point at one side of the oval shape, where there is a monogram disk of sterling silver. The frame is of silver and the bag is lined with pale yellow silk and finished with a mirror and a change purse. A bag of this sort is expensive, but with care it will last for several seasons, so new and smart is its style. This bag is merely a suggestion, as it is probably too expensive for a woman to purchase on a war reduced income. If, however, she takes a bag of this kind as a standard, she cannot go wrong in her choice.

A DISTINCTIVE PURSE

A purse that takes us back to the days of our grandmothers is shown in the sketch in the middle on page 75. It is of a fine navy blue morocco leather and is lined with tan moire silk. Pockets at either side will hold change, cards, and bills, and there is a purse, a mirror, and where the two sides meet, a pocket for a handkerchief. A purse could not be more complete and practical. The edge of the flap is finished with sections of silver, and the clasp is of silver, as well. While it is a small item of expense in itself, the style, practicability, and quality make it an extremely good purchase, for a purse of this type will last through several seasons and always be a smart accessory.

France has sent us something new in veiling this year, and something quite wonderful, when one stops to think of it, for the combining of two distinctive meshes is by no means an easy feat. The veil shown in the sketch in the upper middle on page 75 combines the octagonal and diagonal shaped meshes and is run with groups of chenille dots forming diamond shapes in themselves. It is a most becoming veil and is very delicate in texture. While it is on its way from France now, whether it will be here by the date this article is published is difficult to say. But when it does come, there is sure to be success awaiting it, as it is a type of veil which is most popular with the American woman. It will be priced under a dollar a yard. Another veil, sketched at the top on page 74, is even more open, although it also combines the square and diamond shaped meshes. It is run with hand-embroidered squares done in cotton thread, "all by hand," the importer assures us, and, like most things French, it is exquisite in texture. It, too, has yet to arrive but it is predicted that this style will be foremost among veils during the coming season. The price of this veil, too, will be under a dollar a yard.

Satin antique and feathers make this small hat charming enough to wear with almost any frock and trim enough to wear with almost any suit

CONCERNING THE NEW VEILS

Too much cannot be said of the importance of the veil and its relation to the costume. No well-groomed woman considers herself "finished" without her veil. The new patterns are lovelier than ever, many of them having spots and dots, which are considered smarter than the trailing vine or scroll design. Even in this fortune favours us, for certainly dots and simple meshes are more youthful in effect than scrolls. Nowadays large hats as well as small hats are veiled, and with equal chic. Women should educate themselves in the art of putting on a veil, for it is an art in itself and may make or mar the effect of a whole costume. Therefore great care should be taken in placing the veil on the hat and fastening it securely.

NOVEL DETAILS *of the* MODELS *of* 1918

(*Continued from page 29*)

is in a fine black silk cord, and there is a bib of jade coloured duvetyn at the front. A loose draped collar buttons with round duvetyn-covered buttons at one side. Long and clinging are the lines, and the quiet dignity of the materials and trimming is altogether delightful.

A one-piece frock in navy blue serge is sketched at the right on page 28. It combines the serge with a vest of navy blue satin, hand-embroidered in a dull rose silk and silver thread and trimmed with a self fringe of the navy serge. The dress is slightly draped, and this drapery is formed by a loose section across the front which is attached to a narrow shawl collar that forms suspenders. Serge-covered buttons hold this drapery in place. The underskirt is of blue serge. The collar follows the neck at the back in a round soft line. This frock has the new, long, tight sleeves finished with self fringe and tailored bands of the blue serge which end with smart tailored bows and touches of embroidery. It is in these odd touches that a gown is stamped 1918, for these are the things that make a gown new this season.

The young American girl or matron does not care for a suit with a jacket that runs below the knees, so an American designer has created the simple model sketched at the right on page 27 especially for her. It is in a black pepper shade —an unusual mixture of dark tan and light tan—and is made up in wool velours. A graceful easy line is observed in a rather tight skirt, while the coat is on long straight box lines, belted at the waist with a narrow duvetyn belt and having side pockets, upper and lower, trimmed with groups of stitching in silk, finished with arrows at either side. There is a high turn-over collar of kolinsky dyed squirrel. It is not large enough in itself to interfere if one wishes to wear separate furs, yet it is a comfortable addition to a plain tailored suit.

An example of a smart combination in a suit is shown in the sketch at the lower left on page 29. Very dark brown velveteen is used with wool velours of the same shade. The two materials, however, give one the impression of a contrast in colour. It is forecast that this design will be one of the most favoured of the season. The jacket runs to below the knees over a slim tight skirt. The skirt of the coat, which is of the velvet, is slashed at the sides, and these slashes, with the opening at the front, give the effect of loosely swinging panels. The upper part is heavily stitched in coarse silk threads, while the fastening arrangement is formed by narrow ties at the collar and at the waist. Even the skirt combines the velvet with the velours by using inch-wide velvet strips at either side. This design illustrates an artistic use of two materials, carried out so that one is not aware of conservation, although, after all, conservation it assuredly is.

CAPES RETAIN THEIR POPULARITY

It is surprising indeed to find the cape-like wrap still in existence. After such a successful spring, one would naturally suppose the cape rather passé as an autumn and winter feature. As it now appears, however, this is not the case, for some of the smartest capes are presented along with the smartest coats of the season. The one shown in the sketch at the left on page 27 is in balsam green duvetyn, lined with a pale champagne coloured crêpe de Chine with no trimming except for two heavy Chinese tassels of dark green silk suspended from the end of narrow ties. A deep shawl collar that is quite deep enough to be worn as a cape in itself runs down the front in loose panels. The cape is slightly circular and is shirred to a deep round yoke under this over-cape. There are openings at either side through which to slip the arms. In addition to the other merits of this cape, the collar and swinging panels can do many wonderful and becoming things in the way of wrapping themselves about the neck and waist. A wrap of this type is one of those delightful styles that become a war-time joy, inasmuch as they may be worn quite appropriately during the day or evening.

A COAT OF SLENDER LINES

A simple top-coat and one that is new is the straight tube-like coat in a dark brick mixture, shown at the right of the sketch at the lower left on page 29. It is trimmed with an ample collar in taupe coloured wool, and the cuffs, too, are in the wool fur. The back, like the front, hangs in straight lines. Deep arrow inserts under the arms at either side are the only trimming or tailoring. Dark brick coloured bone buttons are used.

For evening there are many new and interesting materials. Metal cloth, metal brocades, and metal gauzes are used to a great extent. Of course, these are expensive materials which can only be afforded by a limited number. In less expensive materials plain coloured chiffons are shown, and, smartest of all, according to the indications of the early forecasts, are velvet, panne velvet, and chiffon velvet. Satin, too, will be used to a certain extent. Most gowns of these materials are absolutely without trimming. The photograph at the upper right on page 29 shows an informal dinner or evening gown of black satin trimmed with folds of black Spanish lace and finished with bindings of small jet beads. This is a charming combination and one that is used a great deal this season when black has become so smart. The gown is made on slim, straight, chemise lines, unbelted, but with a slight indentation at the waist. The lace drapes over the black satin, veiling the entire figure.

LA MODE SOUFFLÉE

(*Continued from page 47*)

the right figure. An illustration is shown in the frock sketched at the left on page 44. This is a one-piece frock in navy blue serge with embroidery in brilliant red and blue silk giving an interesting touch to an otherwise simple frock. The high collar, which may be worn high or low, is lined with bright red flannel. The belt is of braided strips of blue serge and buckles at the front. Four buttons fasten the lower part of the skirt which is slit half way up at either side. Equally unusual is Royant's silk jersey embroidered in ribbons which has made a sensation at Biarritz and Deauville. We may expect to see this latest version of silk jersey at Hot Springs and later at Palm Beach, for it is quite the newest issue in Europe. One of the oldest, recently revived, is an ancient marquisette, steel studded, which Chanel drapes simply (one is almost tempted to say "tailors") and so creates a ravishing evening gown with which she has achieved a great success.

Necessity has been the mother of art and the god-mother of the new "mode soufflée" with which France will continue to hold the first place in the world of fashion in 1919, as she has held it for many years in the past.

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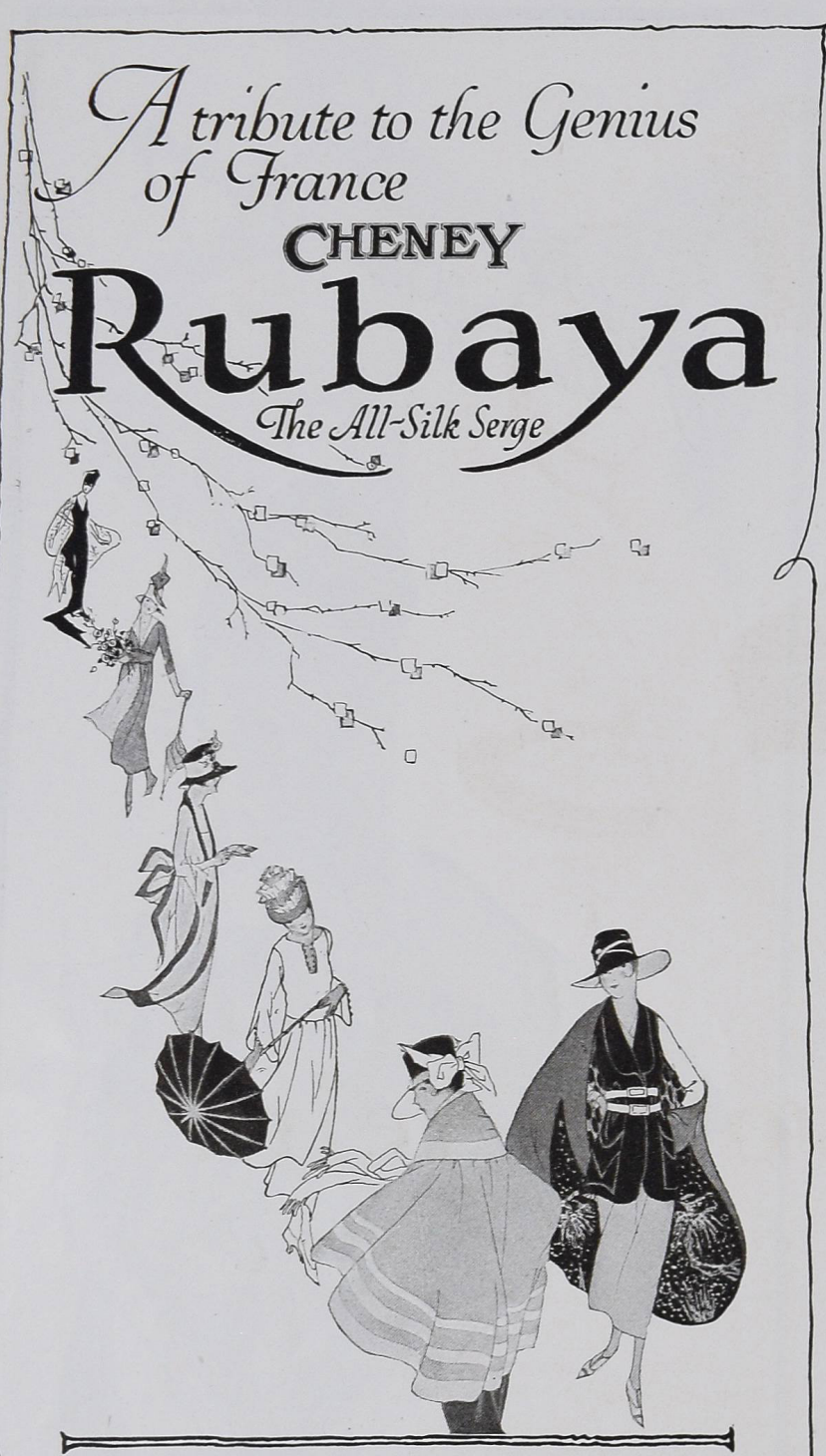

A serge weave in pure silk—Rubaya—is one of the Cheney features for Fall. It drapes beautifully and is ideally adapted to the slender wartime silhouette. ¶ Also in thorough harmony with the spirit and fashion trend of the times are these other Fall offerings:

SUPER-LUSTRE SATIN
SATIN CRÊPE
CRÊPE METEOR
JERSEY CRÊPE
SATIN BARRÉ
WORSTED-FILLED BENGALINE

—and Cheney Cinderella Silks and Printed Satins in many charming, new designs.

CHENEY SILKS

THE SCHOOL FOR VOTERS

(*Continued from page 52*)

Rachel," he expostulated. "Men vote."

"No, I vote," said Rachel. "Don't you not vote? You vote—I vote. The card says so."

Convinced against his will, the erstwhile undisputed lord of creation watched his Rachel depart partywards — and he wasn't even invited.

"It was a wonderful party," Miss Lape said. "First we gave them each a button that said, 'I'm a Voter.' They loved that. Then we had a talk on voting and what it would mean to them. It was in English, of course, but we had a good interpreter. The speaker told them about industrial laws for themselves and their children; she told them they could now tell their alderman what they thought of him and what they wanted—and he'd listen if they represented a group. We insisted on that group idea, for, of course, one solitary voter has no influence, man or woman. Then we gave them something to eat and they danced till one o'clock—peasant dances. Some of them hadn't danced in years, those old women in sweaters with two buttons. There were no men, but that didn't seem to matter."

RACHEL'S RIGHTS

Men have been apt to matter a bit too much on the East Side. If they would only go away and stay away, or else not go away at all—but no. The deserted wife is so apt to have a returning prodigal thrust upon her just when she least desires the added expense of a fatted calf. It was at a day nursery that one of the English classes was established, growing out of the voters' party. The women who attended—deserted wives in the main—were busy all day in the factory. At six o'clock they started for the nursery to take the young deserteds home. After the children were in bed they came back again to study.

"Study!" said the woman to whom Miss Lape told all these things, "I wouldn't study, or read, or take a bath even, if I'd worked as hard as that. Would you?"

The old lady in charge of the nursery thought rather along the same line.

"They come—they vote—oh, yes," she said, shaking her head. "But what they wanta know is mostly their rights. Why don't you get a lawyer down to them? They wanta know when he come back next time, could they keek heem down stairs?"

The Americanization Committee believes, however, that the prodigal won't be apt to need such extreme measures. He will be afraid to impose his presence on a woman who is of New York, not of Warsaw, and who has American friends to whom she can appeal. The War Information centres established by the Americanization Committee have this purpose, as well as other purposes, in view. There are seventy-five of these centres in the densest aggregations of hyphendom, and they aim to be the go-between so needed by the Federal Food Board, the Fuel Administration, the War Risk Insurance Board, and indeed every agency that deals with Americans in the mass. In each of these centres there are people speaking the immigrants' own language; one is in a Russian settlement house, for example, and one in a Hungarian newspaper office.

But when Sonia has found out why Ivan was drafted and what the Government is prepared to do for her in return; when Abie, who swears he never meant to, is shown where, why, and how not to infringe the Food regulations; when little Teresina has ascertained that they can't really put her and the babies on the street because she got behind with the rent since they sent Tony to Camp Dix, but that, on the contrary, she's been the subject of a benevolent fairy called "The Civil Rights Bill" and that another power known as the "War Committee of the Bar" will actually furnish her with a lawyer free of charge in any court difficulties—when all these multiplied details are attended to, the usefulness of the War Information Centre hasn't come to an end. In fact, it has only just begun. The object, you see, has been to make all these inhabitants of Lower Jewry, and Little Italy, and Poland, N. Y., into American citizens. And it isn't just head knowledge that will do this—it's heart sympathy; it's the understanding of American ideals, above all, it's personal contact with the best type of born-in-the-land Americans.

You've observed, perhaps, that we began with Americanizing the first voters, and now we're talking about whole neighborhoods. That, in fact, is just the way the work grew on the spot, as well as on paper.

"You come into a tenement house," Miss Lape explained, "and you find a hundred and twelve women. Twelve are voters. Wouldn't it be short-sighted to concentrate on that little dozen to the exclusion of the score who will come of age next year and may then vote, the other score whose husbands may make them voters by themselves being naturalized, the dozen or so unmarried women who are eligible to take out naturalization papers any time? No, the only logical thing to do is to try to Americanize the whole mass. But that isn't all. The men are almost as much in need of it as the women. They come just as eagerly to our information centres. That is why, when we send out the 'Information Bulletin for Voters' which is issued every week for the use of our advisers in these centres, we include information of every sort, from a paragraph on conditions in the street cleaning department up to the latest doings of Director General McAdoo in forming new express companies. There's a big fine-typed sheet of it and, as its name says, it covers, 'City—State—Nation.'"

So much for the Americanization Committee and its two hundred thousand wards, plus their unlimited relatives, dependents, and neighbours. The Women Voters' Council proper didn't stand idle when we left it alone on the first page. It plunged into plans for educating its share of the new voters—the three hundred thousand who can speak English.

THE ORGANIZATION BEHIND THE VICTORY

The Woman Suffrage Party is organized along truly party lines. The five boroughs have heads as active as those appointed by the ubiquitous Tammany tiger. Each assembly district has its leaders; each election district of three hundred and fifty voters has its captain. In such a manner the Woman Suffrage Party won its victory last November, and in such a manner does it undertake its educational campaign. The party will not take sides, will not name or endorse candidates; it will only tell the woman what a vote is, and why it is, and then leave it to her own judgment.

A series of four lessons was prepared under the direction of Mrs. John Blair. Big type was employed, short sentences, and simple English. Classes were held in community centres,—public schools, Red Cross clubs, parish houses, department stores, laundries, insurance companies, specialty shops, restaurants, tea rooms, women's clubs, banks—in short in every sort of place where a group of women could be reached. In one month alone three hundred and twelve such classes were held in New York City. The industrial classes all took place during employment hours, the attendance was purely voluntary, and there weren't any vacant chairs.

(*Continued on page 80*)

Protégez votre teint

LA Poudre Nildé protège le teint contre ses ennemis de tous les instants: *le soleil* ou *le froid*, *la poussière*, *le vent*, *la pluie*. Elle permet ainsi de conserver à la peau sa souplesse et son velouté naturels et de posséder *toujours* un teint ayant toute l'exquise fraîcheur de la jeunesse. Elle doit cette propriété a son extrême finesse autant qu'à la nature, à la qualité supérieure et au dosage scientifique des produits qui la composent et qui en font la Poudre de Beauté par excellence.

La Poudre Nildé est vendue en boîtes et en écrins de luxe munis d'un tamis qui permet d'obtenir de façon précise la quantité de poudre que l'on désire et *pas davantage;* on ne risque pas ainsi d'en répandre sur les vêtements ou autour de soi. La propreté et l'économie qui en résultent sont évidentes. La boîte-tamis rend aisé ce poudrage invisible, d'une régularité parfaite qui donne au visage l'esthétique rêvée.

La Poudre Nildé se fait en cinq nuances: Rachel, Naturelle, Blanche, Rose, Basanée. Chaque nuance existe en trois parfums: Bouquet Nildé, Violette, Rose (soit un choix de 15 sortes).

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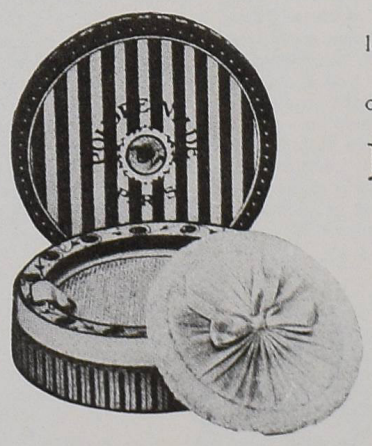
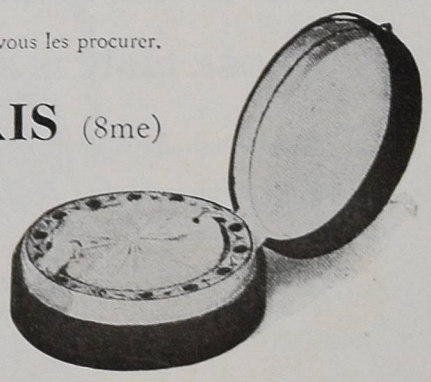


Poudre Nildé en boite carton garnie du tamis et de la houppe.

Poudre Nildé en écrin soie et broderie rococo, muni du tamis, de la houppe et d'une glace dans la couvercle.



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THE SCHOOL FOR VOTERS

(*Continued from page 78*)

"Mr. Coatandskirt, wouldn't you welcome anything that would make your salespeople more intelligent?" a suffragist would ask pleasantly. "Many of them have the vote now, but they've never given it much thought. If they think about voting, they'll have all the better brains with which to think about selling."

Mr. Coatandskirt was impressed. But wouldn't such a class be apt to get into deep water politically? And would Mayme and Millie and Isadora ever really care about classes of any kind? One department store manager agreed to a single preliminary talk given to buyers and heads of departments. If they liked it, considered it innocuous politically, and could possibly imagine Mayme listening without a yawn, the series could be given. If not——

They came, three hundred and fifty very critical people, many of them men. They enjoyed it immensely. They not only voted for the class for Mayme, but they asked if they couldn't be included.

"The secret," Mrs. Blair says, "is in the fact that we have a staff of women speakers of very unusual ability, and that they have been trained with this one end in view. The lessons, too,—we've worked over them and worked over them, to get them not only accurate, but simple, crisp, concise. The class never takes over half an hour and in the printed form you could read the whole four lessons through in less than twenty minutes."

THE COURSE IN VOTING

The first begins with a brief discussion of why one should vote. "The Governor of New York State is a pretty important man, don't you think?" the lesson begins conversationally. "He is the manager of the entire business of the government of this big state with its eleven millions of people. Every law made for New York State has to go to him for his approval, and if it does not seem a good law to him he may veto it. You are going to vote also for your own special representatives at the Legislature in Albany, your State Senator and Assemblyman. It is important for you to choose the right man who is to represent you in that way, because he can make laws for you, both about your work and your home."

The second lesson deals with when and how to vote. Election districts, registration days, the sacred black lead pencil, the mystery of the direct primary, flit by like sign-posts on the road to political progress. The third lesson begins with the Governor, his salary and duties, and goes on down, through Senator and Assemblyman, to details of what to do to each of them if the poor unfortunates don't correctly represent their constituents at Albany. The fourth lesson gets down to the very meat of the thing—"What New York City does for you and what it could do"—from the light that doesn't appear through the airshaft tenement window, through sanitation lacks, and recreation possibilities, to the powers of the mayor and aldermen to deal with the same. The final admonition reads: "Don't forget that you are a voter now, and that these officials are responsible to you. Because you are a voter—you will be listened to."

One of the most interesting classes took place on the Hippodrome stage for the members of the chorus. These women represented a very large section of the new voting public—foreign-born, or born of foreign parents, yet speaking English and living quite apart from the old-world sentiment of the massed foreign quarters. Such women have intense convictions on the various problems that the Suffrage Party believes will be solved by the new voters. They are eager to learn the machinery of voting—they are vivid, alive, and so full of questions that teaching them is a delight.

"WHO'S WHO AS A VOTER"

"I married an American—at least, he was naturalized — but he, well, he just faded out a coupla years ago," volunteers a vivacious youngster from Hungary in the back row.

"You're a voter, then," Mrs. Blair decrees. "It doesn't matter how long it is since you've seen him. He's your husband still."

The next item of the chorus is blue-eyed and fluffy-headed and most righteously indignant. Adolph ran away, too. But he wasn't naturalized. At least, Marie doesn't think so.

"Then you aren't a voter, and what's more, you can't ever be unless he is," comes the verdict. "A married woman can't take out papers for herself unless she's also a divorced woman."

But the daughter of American parents, by birth or by naturalization before she came of age, is a citizen, and, if she's twenty-one, a voter. Unless indeed she was foolish enough to marry an unnaturalized foreigner. The pitfalls that confront the adjudicator on citizenship are all uncovered in a fat brown pamphlet on "Citizenship and the Vote," so the suffragist speaks with authority. One has to be well up on one's subject to meet all comers—and so many varieties of comers as there are, too.

TEACHING THE NEW IDEA HOW TO VOTE

"But it's fascinating work," Mrs. Blair declared. "I haven't conducted any classes myself except the one at the Hippodrome. My work was in getting out the printed lessons and persuading the employers to take speakers. But all our women loved the classes. One of the speakers had five in one day every week, and in going from the first to the last she covered the five boroughs of the city."

The elections are now almost upon us, and a great many unwise ballots will be cast. But the Woman Suffrage Party is doing its best to see to it that Rachel of Lower Jewry will be at least as intelligent as Abraham who didn't even know that she could vote, and that Josie of the chorus and Mayme of Coatandskirts, to say nothing of those of us whose ancestors came over in the Mayflower or sailed up the harbour with Peter Stuyvesant, will be able to recognize a governor from an assemblyman when confronted by the sacred black lead pencil.

Miss Muriel Vanderbilt, with a friend, attended an open-air entertainment at the barracks at Newport

NEWPORT, THE SUMMER CAPITAL

(*Continued from page 43*)

The Red Cross Tea Room at the Westchester Polo Club field is a very popular spot in the afternoon. Here something is nearly always going on, and always pleasant little groups are assembled about the flower-decked tables on the piazza or under the little awning umbrellas on the lawn. Tea is served by the members of the summer colony, who take turns at this duty. Among the most faithful workers are included Mrs. Austen Gray, Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt, Mrs. George Biddle, and Mrs. Whitney Warren. Mrs. Herbert Harriman was sketched here one afternoon when she was a guest and not a worker. She wears a smart beige dress embroidered in the same colour and a dark fringed cape. During another afternoon the sketch in the middle on page 43 was made, showing a youthful enthusiast distributing cigarettes to the apprentice seamen who had just taken part in a drill on the polo field for the benefit of the Newport Chapter of the Red Cross. It was on the same occasion that Mrs. Perry Belmont was sketched wearing a sheer embroidered white gown, a dark hat with a large shaded rose flower at the front, and a length of navy blue tulle wound about her neck, completing an exceedingly smart summer afternoon costume.

There is a distinct informality in evening dress at Newport this year, owing to the fact that one goes out so frequently in the evening to entertainments at the barracks which, being given in the open air, call for clothes that will afford real protection against dews and damp. Even at home, however, unless the occasion is really a formal one, such as a dinner for a visiting official, a simple type of dinner gown is worn. A dress of this kind is sketched at the lower right on page 41. It is of black chiffon trimmed with steel embroidery, and a black satin coat with a collar of ermine applied in bands upon white chiffon was worn with it. At the barracks one evening, Mrs. Alexander Dallas Bache Pratt wore a graceful cape of Venetian red velours and a picturesque hat with a sweeping feather of the same dull shade. On the other hand, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who came with her daughter, Grace, wore a rather formal dress of silver cloth which she had supplemented with a black hat trimmed with turquoise blue and a long dark cape. Miss Grace Vanderbilt's all-enveloping cape of fawn coloured velours was topped by a fawn coloured hat with one of the softly draped crowns which she so constantly affects, made, this time, of old-blue velvet. Miss Muriel Vanderbilt came in a sweater of her favourite warm yellow with collar and cuffs embroidered in a very interesting leaf design all over its surface. Her companion, who wore a sleeveless pink sweater over a simple white shirt and skirt, had a charming wide hat of pink chiffon with pink wheat about the crown.

Mrs. Perry Belmont wore a sheer embroidered white gown, a dark hat, and a length of navy blue tulle wound round her neck at the Red Cross Tea Room

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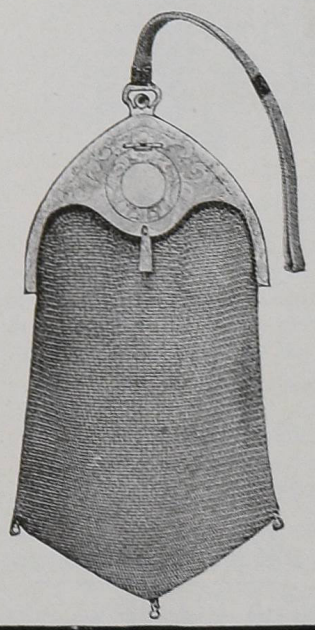

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FURNISHING *the* SMALL APARTMENT

(*Continued from page 60*)

figure decorations on the same delicate yellow ground. Over the fireplace a fan-topped black iron mirror pleasantly reflects the flower painting opposite. This oval painting is set into the wall as an architectural feature. Below it, and between the built-in bookcases, stands a small Italian commode, a reproduction of unusual excellence, simple in line. It is a decorative as well as a useful adjunct to the small living-room and an excellent value. Near it is a painted black armchair with gilt decorations and a yellow taffeta cushion.

Between the windows stands a table-desk, inspired by a Heppelwhite model, with a narrow brass rail at the top and four drawers. It is mahogany with a walnut stain finish, and with it a small walnut chair of Italian design could be used. A drop-leaf walnut table serves as a dining-table whenever the occasion demands.

For the floor covering a serviceable woven wool rug in a neutral tone of taupe would be excellent, and, on the highly polished floor, would make a pleasant harmony with the delicate mauves, yellows, and greens of the room. Among the small personal touches might be included a bell-pull and an amusing Chinese design embroidered in various tones on a linen ground. There is a green calf gold-tooled portfolio and inkwell for the desk, on which a rich deep blue glass flower vase filled with yellow and mauve flowers would look particularly lovely. The essential waste paper basket has not been forgotten; a black tin one with gilt lines seemed the most decorative. A cigarette box of delicate toned cloisonné and another yellow bowl of flowers complete the decorative details of this unusually attractive room.

LIST OF FURNITURE FOR LIVING-ROOM

1 settee 69 inches long	$137.00
5⅝ yards 50 inch yellow taffeta for covering same at $5.65 a yard	31.79
1 walnut commode	120.00
1 armchair	33.00
4 yards 31-inch chintz at $2.10 a yard for covering the armchair	8.40
1 painted black armchair with gold decoration	40.00
1 yellow taffeta cushion for same	12.00
1 9 by 12 woven wool rug, reversible, taupe colour	57.50
making 2 pairs window curtains including sateen lining and valances at $25	50.00
14 yards yellow taffeta for curtains at $5.65 a yard	79.10
2 pairs net under-curtains at $4.85	9.70
2 lamps and shades at $31.50	63.00
1 small Queen Anne walnut table	35.00
1 small upholstered stool	28.00
¾ yard green and yellow striped material for covering same	4.15
1 bell pull	23.00
1 walnut table with gilt decoration. Height 22 inches, length 16 inches	22.50
2 grey green taffeta shirred cushions at $12	24.00
1 three-fold screen covered with chintz on both sides	60.00
1 mirror	125.00
1 oval flower painting 22 by 30 inches	100.00
1 desk 22 by 41 inches, Heppelwhite design	96.00
1 Italian chair	25.00
1 pair andirons	25.00
1 dark blue glass flower vase	4.00
1 yellow bowl	5.00
1 tin trash basket	8.00
1 cigarette box	$ 7.50
1 drop-leaf walnut table	95.00
1 green calf portfolio tooled in gold, lined with green moire	18.00
1 green calf inkwell with stamp holder	9.50
	$1,356.14

For the bedroom, instead of painted furniture, which, though most appealing, has been used a great deal, furniture in Italian designs of the 18th century has been used. These reproductions are of dark walnut, graceful in line. The day-bed, which has an excellent mattress and spring, is covered with a fawn coloured silk repp, piped in a blue green taffeta. It has two down rolls piped in the same fashion and hung with blue and fawn tassels. Next to it stands a small table, also in walnut, in which is placed the essential reading lamp of white Italian pottery and a Georgette crêpe shade in pale yellow lined with rose.

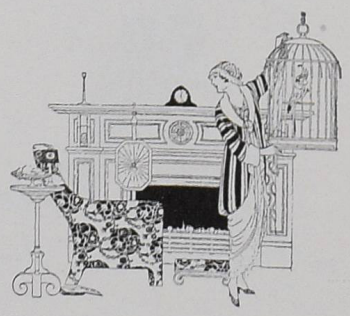
One comfortable armchair is essential to the bedroom, since there is ordinarily no space for a *chaise longue* in an apartment bedroom. The big roomy armchair is covered in a chintz in which the design is pale rose flowers with touches of blue and a fawn coloured ribbon winding through a pale grey ground. The slip-cover is piped in the blue taffeta and there is a luxurious taffeta pillow as an additional bit of comfort.

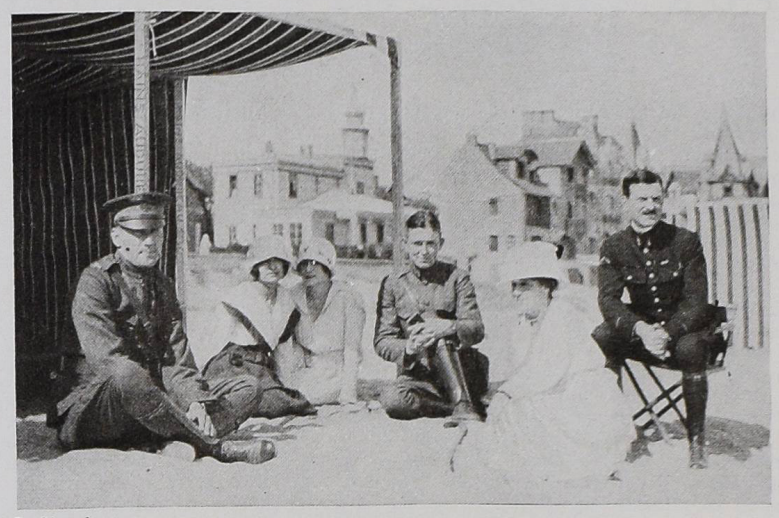
The dressing-table has a glass top and one long drawer which conveniently holds all toilet articles. It is covered with the chintz and measures eighteen inches by thirty-six inches; height thirty inches. Over the chintz-hung dressing-table hangs a delightful mirror of unusual length, with an over-painting, and two small shaded lamps placed at convenient angles at the sides. There are also to be two small walnut side chairs with rush seats.

For the floor covering a reversible woven wool rug in the new small chequed design in blue and fawn colour would be excellent. Simple ruffled muslin curtains at the windows complete the room, which could be painted a warm shade of beige.

LIST OF FURNITURE FOR BEDROOM

1 walnut day bed	$100.00
1 mattress and springs	50.00
1 Fawn colour silk repp spread and two down rolls trimmed in blue taffeta pipings and blue and fawn tassels	100.00
1 night table	60.00
1 Italian pottery lamp base and Georgette crêpe shade	45.00
1 mirror with over painting	150.00
2 yellow lamps on dressing-table, complete at $18.00	36.00
2 walnut chairs at $35	70.00
1 upholstered chair covered in linen and bound in blue taffeta	65.00
1 blue taffeta pillow	20.00
1 reversible wool cheque rug, 6 by 9 feet	29.50
1 pair ruffled curtains	12.50
1 chintz hung dressing-table with glass top, with one long drawer, upholstered with material, top 18 inches by 36 inches by 30 inches high	75.00
	$813.00





De Givenchy

The Frenchman habitually knows his beach from the top of a camp-chair, but in time he may learn better from the Americans at his left

THE FIFTH WAR WINTER

(*Continued from page 39*)

Those who are familiar with the picturesque life of the provinces which our great Balzac has described so wonderfully, have gone to visit an aunt or a grandmother — at Poitiers, perhaps, or Toulon—and to enjoy the life which is so different from that of Paris. We envy them, because we know that every little town in France has its museum, its cathedral, or its hôtel de ville where we may still admire some tapestry or painting or staircase, if it has been fortunate enough to have escaped the devastation of the Huns.

IN THE VICINITY OF PARIS

Versailles and Saint-Germain have many visitors every Sunday and the women who live there keep open house for Sunday luncheon. Miss de Wolfe receives regularly at her fine house in the Boulevard Saint-Antoine; Madame Charles Max has musicales at the Reservoirs, in her apartment which overlooks the fountain of Neptune; Madame de Madrazo, the wife of the great Spanish painter, offers her exquisite hospitality to the innumerable friends who frequent her house.

Among the charming Parisiennes seen at a recent gathering was the Princesse Lucien Murat who looked very young and charming in a navy blue costume with bright blue revers. With this she wore a blouse of white filet lace. Her hat, which was all blue, was very flat and encircled by a bright blue feather.

I can not close this letter without quoting an opinion of Madame Marcelle Tinayre, our delightful novelist, when she saw your athletic American troops marching through Paris. She immediately wrote to one of our leading newspapers to ask the mothers of France not to bring their sons up in cotton wool — a reputation which, unfortunately, we seem to have in England and America, but which the war has done much to dispel.

J. R. F.

Domestic Products

To an Old Love

Who Has Recently Put On Weight

By GEORGE S CHAPPELL

Do you remember, dear, the day we met?
The picnic—and our mutual love of boating?
You shared my frail canoe. I see you yet,
Sewing, while I did plain and fancy doting.

Our gentle progress scarcely left a trace,
Or rift or ripple on the inland ocean;
The while my voice, enraptured by your grace,
Choked on a hard-boiled egg—and much emotion.

I praised your mind. It was, I vowed, alert;
Keen; wide-awake! Of adjectives I'd many.
Poor idiot! To think that I could flirt,
In terms of mind,—with one who hadn't any!

And now we meet! Can this—all this,—be you,
Who set my youthful heart-strings so a-tingle?
Did we, together, sit in one canoe,
When you and I, and all your chins, were single?

Ah! well! Your image, Lady of the Lake,
Endures 'mid scenes that memory fondly dwells on.
And, though no longer keen or wide awake,
In width, at least, old dear, you're there—with bells on!

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Glorious Miss America--everybody loves her in *Jack Tar Togs*. Her sparkling youth laughs at you from the fresh, girlish *Jack Tar* styles and you just can't resist her. Dresses, middies, smocks and bloomers for Miss America all carefully tailored of sturdy fabrics.

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in every city

This label is your passport
to propriety of mode, material
and making

Mangone
NEW YORK

FOR THE BLUE TRIANGLE

(Continued from page 51)

guarding Martha and those junior Sammies and Jacks who come to big towns for the first time. But that community recreation, properly administered, may take the place of many rules and much policing has been proved by such incidents as the one that occurred at an Atlantic port recently.

There was a vessel due. The Jackies hadn't sighted brown earth for three months, and the captain informed the port by wireless that he expected they would paint it red.

"Oh, no," said the port serenely. "Switchboard, give me the Y. W. C. A."

The situation was explained. The secretary rose to it. The minute the vessel arrived, the Jackies found themselves invited to a party — persuaded — carried off——

"Did you ever play musical chairs when you were a child?" the secretary asked.

Certainly. Who hasn't? A most innocuous amusement.

The Jackies and Martha played musical chairs with delirious abandon—and three-deep — and button-button. They sang in chorus everything from George Cohan to Billy Sunday. They ate ice cream as one man. And when the uproarious evening came to an end, the fearsome red-painters were all so absolutely worn out that they went straight home to their hammocks.

THE BRAVE MUNITION WORKER

But there are a great many things a girl needs besides a smooth floor and a phonograph. The twenty-two Government munition cantonments, far removed from town comforts, contain from one to three thousand women. The Y. W. C. A. not only helps the workers to organize their own community, but provides important extras like the beauty parlour for the girl whose hair or skin is effected by the picric acid in which she works. This might seem a little thing to an august government. But a woman knows that the last thing another woman would sacrifice to the cause of liberty would be her complexion.

The Y. W. C. A. also teaches sixty thousand American women who can't speak English — teaches not only language, but non-mediæval methods of thought. Letters are written and separation allowances are looked after in thirteen languages, at one camp. Food rulings are explained to the woman who is accustomed to be ordered about without explanation, and, under the guise of "Social Standards in War Time," much necessary information is given the youngest workers in regard to life and what one mustn't do with it.

But there are other Marthas, some of them no older than the wage-earners, whose alarm clocks drag them up, not to an office or a power machine, but to a wash-tub or their own kitchen stove. For these Marthas—the wives and mothers of soldiers—the Y. W. C. A. has instituted the Hostess House at the camp. There are eighty-five of these hostess houses, primarily for women visitors, but much used by the men also. Rest rooms, cafeterias, nurseries, big living-rooms with fireplaces and comfortable chairs and flowers and pianos and chintz curtains—everything, in fact, that a woman architect and a woman decorator could devise, has been used to make up the atmosphere of the Hostess House. Five hostesses preside—the hostess director who is in charge of everything, the social hostess who is responsible for receiving visitors, the emergency hostess who looks after outside cases of need that come to the attention of the Y. W., the cafeteria hostess who sees to the food, the business hostess who buys and keeps the accounts.

We must imagine, then, this cheersome building set in the Kansas mud of Camp Funston, or the Jersey dust of Camp Dix, or the uttermost white zero of Camp Devens in Massachusetts midwinter. Here comes a lonesome mother looking for her boy—a foreign-born mother, perhaps, who is timid, and untrained, and utterly at a loss in her poor little shreds of language. The Hostess House finds the boy, teas them both, locates a room for the mother within get-at-able distance from the camp. Here comes a second lonesome boy looking for—well, it might be trouble if one took him that way. But, instead, the Hostess House provides him with what he immediately designates as the camp's "only chair with a cushion" and the only cup he's yet seen that he could break if he'd a mind to. Promptly, with the opportunity, he hasn't the mind—now, nor at any other time in the Hostess House.

Another man opens the hospitable door. One can tell from his face that he doesn't want a chair with a cushion. He's too restless to sit down. Very well then, the Hostess House will accompany him to the movies, where he will lose his sorrows in the curls of the Princess Pickford. Hardly has he departed under escort than still another claimant appears. Perhaps he's a sergeant, new-made with the morn. His chevrons are in his hand. But, though his particular Martha is due to-morrow, the tailor is busy—and—in short—why, certainly. Who'd have the heart to rob a king of his crowning?

"But doesn't the Y. M. C. A. provide the men with everything they need outside of the Army?"

Yes, in a way. But it's everything with Martha left out. And, after all, war or peace, private or officer, black or white or yellow, what is life without her? The link between Martha and her lawful possessions in the Army is, by Army invitation, the Hostess House. What wonder that, having found his way Hostess-Houseward with Martha, he often returns for comfort after she's gone home?

To entertain three thousand people over a Sunday at Camp Dix—to make four thousand sandwiches for a statesman visitor and his admiring audience at Camp Funston—to hunt up unused musical instruments to provide a soldiers' orchestra for Camp Wadsworth—to return over-patriotic and under-taught little Marthas to their weeping mothers—to be present at weddings and christenings and burials in all languages—this is just part of the day's work for the Hostess House. And, as we've said, there are eighty-five of them, all proving just how efficient a Hostess House can be.

WHAT CAN YOU DO?

But perhaps you've been wondering all down these columns what part you were chosen for in this great pageant of helpfulness — you, with Vogue in your hand and your own men overseas. To begin with, there's the fifteen million dollar drive in October. Every cent you give goes to increase the fund which makes Martha that much more efficient —in all the ways outlined in this article —and without Martha what can Sammy khaki do? Then, too, there is the Workers' Bureau, in charge of Mrs. Dave H. Morris, granddaughter of Commodore Vanderbilt. This New York bureau, the mother of similar developments throughout the country, aims to take the part-time volunteer, willing but untrained, and put her through a simple course of lectures and practical work that will fit her to do the office routine, the investigating, the personal visitation of non-English speaking soldiers' families, and all the other thousand and one things for which volunteers are wanted by the Government, the Army, and the manufacturers of war-time necessities. If you really want to help, Mrs. Morris's Bureau, 600 Lexington Avenue, will help you.

Sarony

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew reversed the usual order of things by leaving the "movies" for a stage comedy called "Keep Her Smiling"

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 65*)

Italy went to war to rescue those districts of unredeemed Italians still dominated by the Hapsburgs; Japan went to war in response to the requirements of her treaty with England and to drive the Germans out of China. Each of these nations on the side of the Entente has much to gain by a triumph over Germany and Austria. Their motives are above reproach, but each of them will win something tangible and measurable when the time arrives for making over the map of the world. But the United States has nothing to win and will gain nothing from the absolute annihilation of the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs.

When we entered this war, we announced to all the world that we desired not one inch of territory and not one penny of indemnity. We pledged our solemn honour to offer up the lives of millions of our men and the total wealth of our entire population to win a war which could bring us no aggrandizement and for which, in the event of victory, we did not even ask the customary compensation. Never before, since man ascended from the ape, have one hundred million people deliberately gone to war because of an incentive so utterly unselfish. As matters stood in 1917, we were not even fighting in self-defence; for, so long as the British navy remained undefeated, we might have chosen to hide behind it and trusted to the Atlantic to protect us against any immediate knocking of the Hun against our gate.

WHAT WE ARE FIGHTING FOR

What, then, are we fighting for, if we are not fighting for ourselves? For Serbia? . . . but we assisted Serbia without violating our foregone neutrality. For Belgium? . . . but the Huns were only too delighted to let us feed the Belgians in 1915. For France? . . . but all too many of our people have never been to Rheims. For England? . . . but some of us remember George the Third, who was a German. No; as a nation, we are not fighting for any or all of these. We are fighting merely—at uncounted cost in blood and money—to assert the faith of one hundred million people in the proposition that "Beauty is Truth; Truth, Beauty," and that both of these ideals are identical with the ideal of Righteousness. We are fighting to defend the holiest of trinities—Beauty, Truth, and Righteousness—against a strong assault of Ugliness, and Lies, and Moral Wrong. This programme is imaginative and abstract; but one hundred million people in America have taken it to their hearts as something concrete and immediate. Millions and millions of Americans who have never read the *Ode to a Grecian Urn* have instinctively accepted the gospel of John Keats and have pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honour to a reassurance of their faith in that eternal trinity which evermore reveals itself, to the intellect as Truth, to the emotions as Beauty, and to the moral consciousness as Righteousness.

This gospel, though abstract and, therefore,—in theory, at least—a little difficult to comprehend, has appealed so potently to the people of this country that scarcely a single citizen among our hundred millions has failed to do his bit to make reason and the will of God prevail. One in twenty of our total population will soon be in the Army or the Navy and glad of the opportunity to go. All of us pay taxes cheerfully and cut off our customary luxuries to save money for the common weal; and those of us who are too old or too young to go immediately to the front are envying our children or our fathers. It would be difficult to find a living person in this entire country who has not already saved his pennies for War Savings Stamps.

This new mood of America is remarkable at once for its exaltation and its unanimity. That a mood so poetic and religious should be called forth by a fact of public policy is, in itself, a notable phenomenon; but even more astonishing is the all but universal acceptance of this mood in a hitherto heterogeneous community of a hundred million people. Without question, we have dedicated all we have, all we are, to the propagation of this Great Crusade. Belgium shall be restored, ruined Rheims shall be avenged, and the women and children of the Lusitania shall be remembered so long as men can read. We have said it, and we mean it; and nothing shall divert us from our steadfast purpose until the bitter end.

WHY SO SERIOUS AN ESSAY?

Any reader of the foregoing paragraphs might reasonably ask why so serious an essay has been offered as the exordium of a journalistic article about matters that are "seen on the stage." The an-

(*Continued on page 86*)

Miss Emmy Wehlen—Metro favorite in a frock of serge and

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There is a wide difference between ordinary satin and Satin Francaise.

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SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 85*)

swer to this question may be quickly made. From the preliminary announcements for the coming season that were published in July by the magnates of our theatres, it was apparent that a large proportion of the plays that we were soon to see was made up of pieces purporting to discuss the problems and exigencies of the war. Our theatre is, by habit, journalistic; and the men who control our theatre have apparently decided that the safest subject to exploit, throughout the coming season, is the war.

This is a very great theme, and, if it is to be exploited, it should be discussed only by artists who are capable of rising to the height of the occasion. It may safely be assumed that any man or woman, in these times, who buys a ticket and cheerfully pays out the theatre tax has already felt the exigency of this war to such an extent that he can not easily regard a discussion of its issues as a theme for levity. As a nation, we may be willing still to make a joke of art, or God, or any other of the primary realities; but we are not willing now to consider our Great Crusade as a subject for commercial profiteering.

The drama, because of the conditions under which it is forever destined to come into existence, has always kept a sentient finger upon the pulse of the public; and there is no reason why our current theatre should eschew the discussion of a topic that leaps easily into headlines in the journalistic mind of the assembled audience. But when the public is immersed in what Colonel Roosevelt, in one of his happy phrases, has defined as "the heroic mood," it is artistically inadvisable to address the public in a mood that hovers appreciably on the hither side of the heroic. The war has become to us already so very great a theme that our war plays must also become great or else become intolerable. Any play about the war that is trivial or insincere or silly is likely to affect us as an insult—lightly made but not so easily forgiven—against our mothers or our wives.

Here, then, is a warning offered, at the very outset of a season, to those managers who seem to feel that success will come easily to plays that touch upon the topic of the war. So great a subject requires genius for its treatment, or, at the least, that absolute sincerity which was defined by Matthew Arnold as "high seriousness." The old formulas and patterns will no longer serve; for the public will be all too likely to recognize them and dismiss them as mere makeshifts of insincerity.

The real spirit of the new America is, perhaps, the very greatest subject that has ever yet been made to the hand of any dramatist; but this subject still awaits its genius. The topic is so noble that a critical observer is inclined to feel ashamed when it is desecrated by a playwright not obviously called to the high communion. Genius might appear to be a thing impossible to ask for in the contemporary theatre; but, overseas, there is a man called Barrie who wrote recently "The New Word" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Among the hundred million people of America who raise armies and build ships with such unprecedented ease, is there none at all—not only one—who can write a little play, requiring but half an hour on our busy stage, that shall remind us—like these one-act plays of Barrie's—of "All we know on earth and all we need to know"? A great drama requires a great audience: we now have in America a great audience, attuned already to the heroic mood: may we not, in consequence, receive a single drama of the war that shall climb to the height of the occasion?

"FRIENDLY ENEMIES"

The new season was inaugurated in New York on the evening of July 22, by A. H. Woods, who presented, on this unprecedented and uncomfortable date, a piece called "Friendly Enemies," by Samuel Shipman and Aaron Hoffman. This play, which had previously pleased the theatre-going public of Chicago, was hurried into the metropolis for the political purpose of antedating the production in New York of another piece that discussed a similar theme. With these little matters of theatric politics the public is not at all concerned; and even the professional dramatic critics are not likely to be influenced, in their recorded judgments, by a minor question of priority.

"Friendly Enemies" is merely an amplified vaudeville sketch of a traditional type. The authors have boasted that they wrote the play in five days; and there is nothing remarkable in this celerity. For thirty years, we have been accustomed in our theatre to the pair of German comedians who are the best of friends yet spend their time together in continually quarrelling. The only novel touch in the present piece is that these stock characters now quarrel about the war instead of quarrelling over their nightly game of pinochle. Louis Mann plays a German-American who still believes that the Fatherland can do no wrong, and Sam Bernard plays a German-American who has transferred his faith to the Allies. Whenever the two are together, the dialogue and the acting remind the audience of those traditional passages of vaudeville which were popular in the old days of Weber and Fields. Thus, Sam Bernard arrays himself in his familiar "comedy" checked suit and stove-pipe hat, pirouettes upon his heels, and talks like a seltzer-bottle, precisely as he used to do in musical comedy, despite the fact that he is supposed to represent a German-American banker of the position and influence of such a gentleman as Mr. Otto H. Kahn. Louis Mann, on the other hand, has been favoured by the authors with certain passages of pathos which he acts with a beautiful restraint.

The play, of course, contains a passage in which the two cronies argue out the military movements of the battle of Verdun with the aid of china dishes on a table and end up in disagreement with a consequent smashing of crockery. The expected German agent appears, and collects large sums of money from Louis Mann for the ostensible purpose of furthering German propaganda in this country. He spends the money instead to procure the planting of bombs on American troop ships about to sail for France. A ship is sunk which has on board the son of Louis Mann, who has enlisted in the American Army against the protests of his father; and, though the boy is rescued, this nefarious attack converts his father to the American cause. As a point for criticism, it should, of course, be noted that this conversion is occasioned by a merely personal reaction and not at all by the abstract potency of an idea.

Considered seriously as a work of art, "Friendly Enemies" is almost utterly devoid of merit. Yet its many passages of slap-stick humour are amusing in and for themselves; and the piece has registered a very great success with a public so avid for amusement that it is often willing to accept quantity where quality is not to be discerned.

"ALLEGIANCE"

"Allegiance," by Prince and Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy, discusses a similar theme; and, since comparisons have been invited between these two plays, it should be said at once that, though "Friendly Enemies" is more successful at the box-office, "Allegiance" is by far the better

SEEN *on the* STAGE

(*Continued from page 86*)

composition. It lacks the clowning and the easy laughter of the less important work; but it is more solid in structure, more sincere in characterization, and more literary in its dialogue.

In "Allegiance," we are introduced into a household that is divided against itself and are invited to study the various psychological reactions of three distinct generations of a German-American family. The grandfather, who emigrated to this country shortly after 1848, loves the Fatherland devotedly, but turns against the Hohenzollerns on the occasion of the sinking of the Lusitania. The father, who has come to maturity since 1871, believes implicitly in the policies of the Imperial German Government. The son, who has been born and brought up in this country, enlists in the American Army at the very outset of the war. The father, in this play, is finally converted to the American cause when his son, who has been taken prisoner in battle, is deliberately blinded by a Prussian oculist and sent home because he is no longer capable of military service. Here, again, as in the case that has been already noted in "Friendly Enemies," the pro-German antagonist is converted merely by a personal reaction and not at all by the abstract force of an idea.

This play contains the usual German spy, who behaves like the corresponding character in "Friendly Enemies" and is duly arrested before the final curtain falls. The pattern of the piece is, in fact, entirely traditional and reveals no unexpected merit in invention or in ingenuity; but, at the very least, it may be said that "Allegiance" is sincerely conceived and seriously written. This play about the war does not insult the audience with triviality.

"MOTHER'S LIBERTY BOND"

A critic should always be chary of superlatives; but there are many reasons for asserting that "Mother's Liberty Bond," by Parker Fisher, is the poorest play that has ever been presented in New York within the memory of living men. In type, it may be defined as a cross between such antique rural comedies as "Way Down East" and such mechanical melodramas as used to be composed by Theodore Kremer before the ten, twenty, and thirty-cent theatres were driven out of business by the advent of the moving picture play; but it lacks the merits of its prototypes!

The only reason why "Mother's Liberty Bond" is mentioned at all in the pages of this magazine is that it must be held up as a horrible example of what may come from the present mania for exploiting the war in the theatre. A percentage of the gross receipts was donated to a very worthy charity,—the New York Sun Tobacco Fund; but, since the gross receipts were negligible, the play lacked even this plausible excuse for its existence.

"THE BLUE PEARL"

"The Blue Pearl," by Anne Crawford Flexner, is merely another of the many plays in which a crime is committed early in the action, and suspicion is subsequently thrown successively on nearly every member of a copious cast of characters, until at last the audience is told that the deed was actually done by the least suspected person in the company. In pattern, it of course resembles "The Thirteenth Chair;" but Bayard Veiller's interesting melodrama had, in turn, been antedated by countless other plays of a similar sort. The wonder, in these cases, is that an author should take the trouble to write and that a manager should take the trouble to produce, a new play that merely repeats the pattern of many old plays that are allowed to gather dust upon the shelf.

Yet "The Blue Pearl" is interesting and absorbing, because the author has told her trite and unimportant story with considerable ingenuity. The piece is well acted, and it has been staged with remarkable skill by George Henry Trader. It deserves to be commemorated as a minor task well done.

"KEEP HER SMILING"

"Keep Her Smiling" was dramatized by John Hunter Booth from a series of stories by Edgar Franklin. A good idea was planted at the root of this dramatic narrative,—the idea, namely, that a constitutionally inefficient husband may be spurred to practical success by the imperative demands of an extravagant wife. But the validity of this basic theme was sacrificed by reason of a feeble working out. In treatment, the piece descended quickly from the key of comedy to the key of farce. A timid and uxorious husband was troubled by the fact that his wife was afflicted with an ineradicable habit of spending many times his income; but, instead of being stimulated to "make good" by this condition, he merely fell into money whenever it was needed, by reason of a series of artificial turns of chance.

The play was thin in substance, and the performance was very much too slow in tempo. Mr. Sidney Drew, however, acted the part of the timorous but fortune-favoured hero with an admirably finished art; and Mrs. Drew disclosed a pleasing personality.

"THE ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"

The best of all the summer shows which were put on to bridge the gap between the old season and the new was the twelfth annual production of the "Ziegfeld Follies." This exhibition was rendered memorable by the wondrous scenic art of Joseph Urban and also by the practised taste in female pulchritude that is peculiar to Mr. Ziegfeld. On the sensuous side, America excels the world in sumptuous productions of this type.

On the other hand, it must be said that, though the seeing eye is pleased and titillated by the "Follies," no entertainment whatsoever is offered to the thinking brain. The piece has no plot. It consists merely of a succession of unrelated "numbers," most of which are songs elaboratedly staged. There is no merit in these songs,—neither in the words nor in the music; and they are merely made endurable by the scenery, the costumes, and the lighting. There is no wit in the entire entertainment, except in the personal monologue of Will Rogers, who is endowed with an original and vivid personality. When a manager is willing to spend thousands and thousands of dollars to exhibit a "show" that shall be lavishly appealing to the eye, one wonders a little why it never should occur to him that witty words and charming music are no less to be desired in the theatre than magnificent scenery and costumes or the assembling of an artistically adequate cast.

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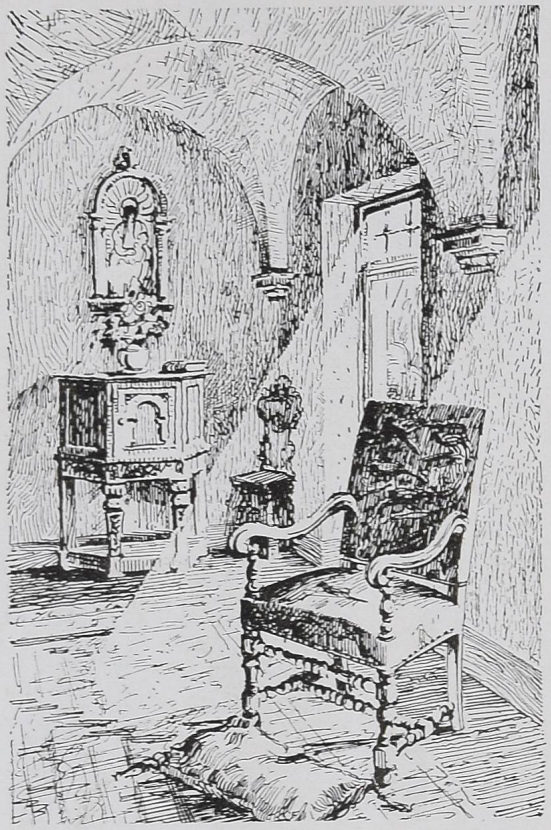

Good judgment in the planning of an interior more often achieves success than does lavish expenditure.

¶ Indeed, many delightful rooms owe their chief charm to the harmonious arrangement of a few well-chosen appointments—each piece of Furniture being so admirably disposed in relation to its setting that the whole effect is pleasing beyond expression.

¶ The opportunity to attain such results is nowhere better presented than at these interesting Galleries, whether merely an occasional piece or two, or an entire ensemble, is required for the scheme in view. Here one may acquire, at well within moderate cost, the Furniture, the quaint Decorative Objects and the Oriental Rugs which will impart to their surroundings historic interest and an engaging sense of livability.

Suggestions may be gained from de luxe prints of successful interiors, sent gratis upon request.

New York Galleries

Grand Rapids Furniture Company
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New York City

Germany's Coming Peace Offer

(Continued from page 69)

German Reichstag on July 11th.

"The present possession of Belgium," said the Chancellor, "only means that we have a pawn for future negotiations. We have no intention to keep Belgium in any form whatever." "But," said this gentleman, a little later, "the treaty of Brest-Litovsk must stand."

By all means! Concessions in the West, for a free hand in the East. Could anything be simpler? Give Germany European and Asiatic Russia as a feeding ground, a pasture on which she may gorge herself to the bursting point; give her China, in which she can spread out while she holds a dagger at the throat of Japan; give her a clear route to India so that she may, in her own good time, strike at the very foundations of the British Empire; give her domination over Persia, Afghanistan, and the Near East, and, in return for these trifles, she will give up what she seized through infamy and dishonor, and holds through slave-driving and murder. Truly a generous, a nobly generous offer.

BUT there is every reason to believe that German generosity will go beyond giving Belgium back the freedom which Germany was sworn to protect. Well does Germany know such an offer will not be high enough. France must be reconciled,—and France has demanded the recession of Alsace-Lorraine. So great is Germany's desire to give the Allies all they wish, that she will even offer to vacate all of occupied France, to cede Alsace-Lorraine,—even, possibly, to pay Belgium an indemnity in the form of the German colonies, which Great Britain holds. But the treaty of Brest-Litovsk must stand; Germany must be given a free hand in the East.

The matter of the cession of Alsace-Lorraine to France, in return for an uninterrupted, gluttonous German orgy in Russia, may raise doubts in some quarters. German metallurgists have declared that without Lorraine—without, indeed, Longwy and Brie — Germany could not have continued the war. Lorraine is Germany's main source of steel. Eighty-five per cent of this metal which Germany has been using—and she has been using about eighteen million tons a year—has come from Lorraine, Longwy, and the Brie basin. Steel, in Germany, as in the other states of the world, is the foundation of her industry; it is the basis of her wealth; it is the instrument through which the German national occupation of war is carried on. What, then, is behind the conclusion that Germany would be willing to give up this treasure-house to obtain peace?

AGAIN we return to Russia. The financial history of the world will show that great wars have been paid for in but one way,—the development of new resources through the exploitation of new sources of labor. That is how we paid for our Civil War—through the development of our natural resources by immigrant labor—which was, for us, an entirely new source of new power. Russia is the world's great unexplored treasure-chest. It possesses hidden wealth far in excess of that of any other country in the world,—more, even, than China. Every metal which is used either in peace or in war is found within it in abundance.

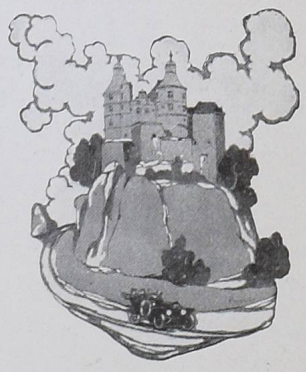
In agricultural possibilities there is an equal opportunity. There is no product that could be used in war—except those indigenous to tropical climates—that Russia cannot be made to produce. Labor is both plentiful and cheap. What Russia lacks, China can supply. Thus, in turning Russia over to Germany, we would first of all be giving to Germany the means by which she could restore her credit and recoup all her losses sustained in the war. This means, for her, rapid recovery, while the Allies are still struggling under their financial burden. In addition, we would be placing in German hands the means by which she could destroy us, a generation hence.

If this is so obvious, how, you may ask, will Germany be able so to override the intelligence of the Allied Governments that she can accomplish it?

By the very simple expedient of using Russian resources and Russian men to hold us off until we are ready to listen to her terms. This process may take two years; but, unless we step in and rebuild the Eastern front somewhere between Vladivostok and Moscow, it will be effective.

IN the interim, the propaganda will be at work in full force. But we have, you may say, grown used to this particular form of poison gas, and are now wearing masks to protect us from its masks. This is in a sense true. It is easy to guard against German propaganda when we recognize it as such. But it does not come to us bearing the label "made in Germany." On the contrary, it is marvellously disguised. It steals upon us, penetrating like an insidious poison into the lobes of our brain, where it is unconsciously absorbed and assimilated. Our ever-ready pacifists, always in search of an idea that they can steal in order to label as original, claim it as their own, and spread it about even further. And thus the poison takes effect—the very effect that its German inventors intended.

The great unconquerable pride and glory of the American people must prevent this; but, in order to prevent it, they must understand it. Once the mass of our people do understand it, they will damn as a traitor to the nation, and hang as high as Haman, any man or woman who, in cowardice or in pacifism, will dare preach the abominable doctrine of compromise or the equally abominable theory of peace without victory.



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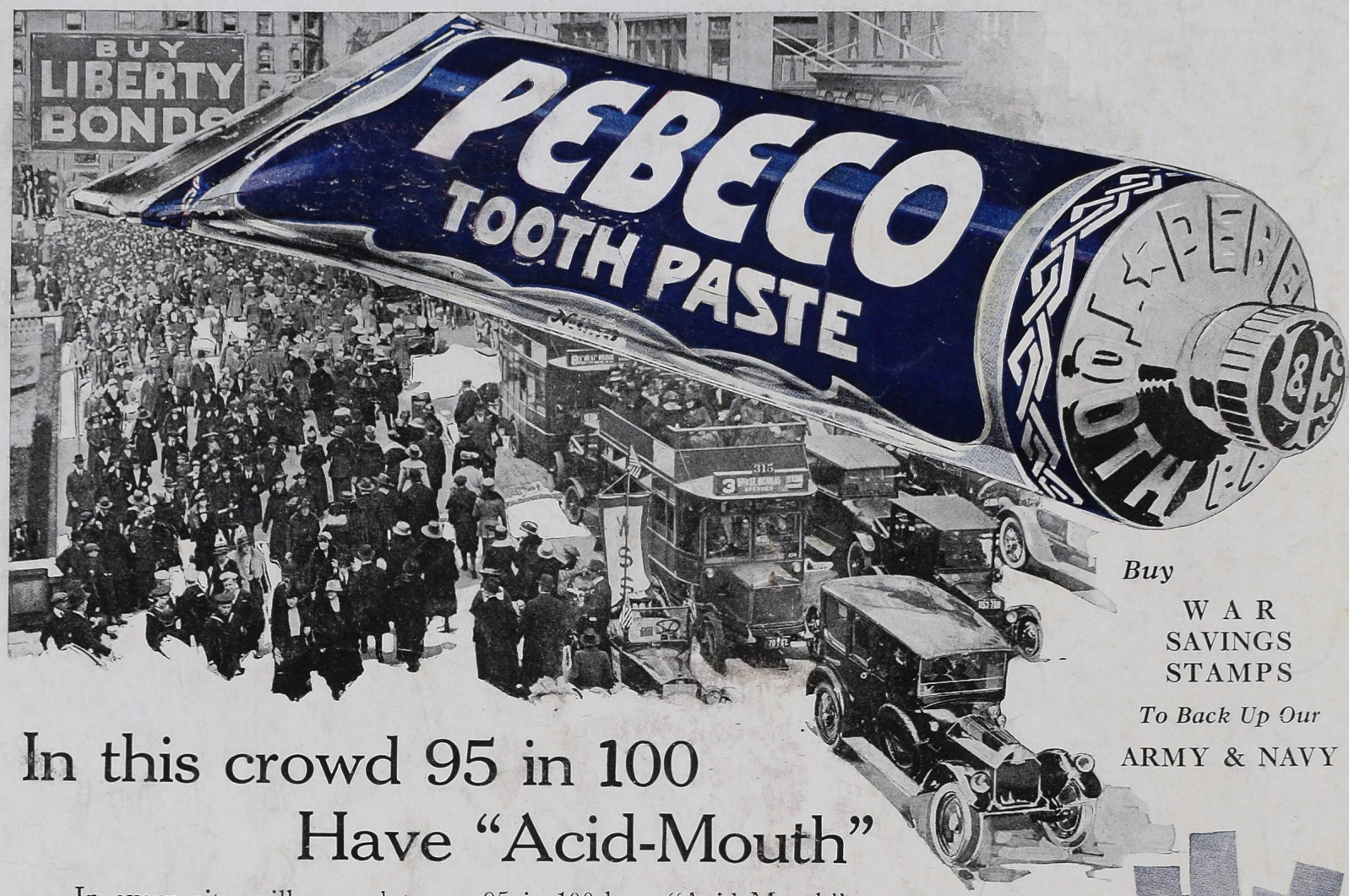

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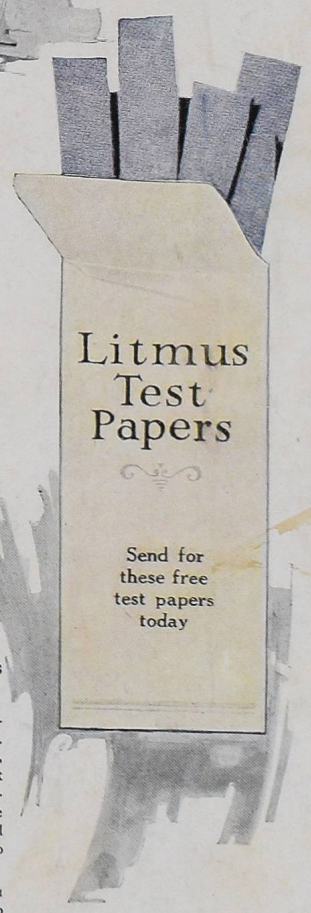

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In order to make the test, you will need to buy a tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste at your regular drug store. But it is worth doing, because it is extremely important for you to know whether you have "Acid-Mouth."

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